Zagreus, by Alan Barnes and Gary Russell

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released Nov 2003 (40th Anniversary story)

RASSILON: Previously on Doctor Who.

CHARLEY: Wasn't Zagreus a character in a children's rhyme or something?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. Zagreus sits inside your head. Zagreus lives among the dead.
VANSELL: Zagreus sees you in your bed, and eats you when you're sleeping.
ROMANA: The Eye of Harmony created a universe of positive time, finite time. Gallifrey anchored the continuity of the universe. But just as matter has its counterpart in antimatter, just as every action has an equal and opposite reaction, then, by all the immutable laws of the universe positive time, the Web of Time, must have its shadow.
DOCTOR: Anti-time, as intractable and destructive a force to causality as antimatter is to space. Something with no past, no present, no future. A perpetuity of meaningless chaos. A now with no beginning or end.
ROMANA: If the universe of anti-time was real, Doctor, if it were an actual place, how do you suppose it might be accessed?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Some kind of Gateway, a rip, a tear, a breach, a hole.
ROMANA: Go on.
DOCTOR: Charley?
SENTRIS: What is the Oubliette of Eternity, Madam President?
ROMANA: A chamber deep in the heart of our largest off-world station.
SENTRIS: Could you tell me, Madam President, what this chamber was used for?
ROMANA: Dispersal. A barbaric punishment, long since abolished.
SENTRIS: And where, do you suppose, did these dispersed people go?
ROMANA: Nowhere. I mean, they'd never existed. There was nowhere for them to go.
DOCTOR: Oh, but there was, Romana. Here. They came here. It makes sense, don't you see? A barren subdimension beyond the planes of our reality where the usual rules don't apply.
ROMANA: You mean all of you, all these thousands of you, once you were Gallifreyans? Time Lords, even?
SENTRIS: Banished from existence at the behest of the CIA.
DOCTOR: There's no such thing as Zagreus. There never was.
ROMANA: No such? Is this true?
SENTRIS: Ah. The legend of Zagreus. What a fabulous invention, a marvellous conceit, whispered in the ears of the gullible on a hundred worlds, in a thousand different eras. An enticement, and you, Madam President, have been well and truly snared.
RASSILON: For Zagreus waits at the end of the world.
DOCTOR: What are you planning, Sentris? You and your people.
SENTRIS: Anti-time cannot pass the transduction barriers which separate Gallifrey's continuity from the remainder of space time. Your temporal locks are too strong.
ROMANA: Not one single atom can arrive on Gallifrey without authorisation, that's true, but
DOCTOR: But a Presidential vessel, especially one carrying the Head of the Celestial Intervention Agency
ROMANA: May give no warning of its arrival. Its signature will guarantee its conveyance automatically. What is in that casket? Tell me!
DOCTOR: Oh, I think we can make a pretty good guess, don't you? How about a critical mass of raw and ravenous anti-time.
CHARLEY: It's me, isn't it, Doctor. Everything depends on me. So long as I'm alive, the breach in space time has coordinates, and that's how they're going to

travel through. But if those coordinates weren't there, well, they'd all be stuck in this reality, wouldn't they.
DOCTOR: Charley, Charley, Charley. Don't even think about it.
RASSILON: And Zagreus *is* the end of the world.
CHARLEY: I know it's an awful, terrible thing, but I want you to do it. Oh, Doctor, please do it before it's too late.
DOCTOR: Charley, I can't. You're my friend, and I love you. I can't look you in the eye and shoot you no matter what.
RASSILON: His time is the end of Time.
DOCTOR [OC]: Tardis calling Time Station. Tardis calling Time Station. Sentris, can you hear me?
SENTRIS: Doctor!
DOCTOR [OC]: It's that man again, Sentris. As you have observed, I have materialised my Tardis around the Time Station. Yes, it's terribly tricky and no, it's really not a good idea, and yes, she's bursting at the seams. But you didn't leave me any choice.
COMPUTER: Sequence complete in point three zero microspans.
DOCTOR [OC]: Point three zero microspans. Oh dear. It'll take longer than that to abort the self-destruct.
SENTRIS: Doctor, if the Time Station detonates inside your Tardis, both you and it will be utterly annihilated.
DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, Sentris, this Tardis is tough as old boots. She'll contain the material inside your casket at least long enough for the Time Lords to deal with it. And Charley, well, when she restabilises, she should be safe too, so you see there's only me to consider. And if dying's the price I pay to save all of history, to save my friend, well, I've had fun all my lives. I can't complain.
COMPUTER: Two, one, zero. Sequence complete.
(Crackle, sizzle, fizz!)
SENTRIS: No! No! Noooooooooo!
(Silence then KaBOOM!)
ROMANA: You. An old man, eternally sad and infinitely wise. The Doctor said he'd seen you in the Matrix, my Lord.
RASSILON: Ah, the Doctor. A favourite son. He saved his friend, whatever the cost. But the price he paid was terrible indeed.
ROMANA: Then Miss Pollard, Charley, lived?
RASSILON: She did. And the breach was sealed for the last time. She was reconstituted in the Doctor's Tardis, the paradox of her survival resolved forever.
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, it is you! Is this the Tardis? I mean, what's happened? It's all been like a dream. I found myself here when I was last in the Time Station with those awful Neverpeople and
DOCTOR: I said, keep away.
CHARLEY: Oh! Doctor, what's wrong? Have you been injured or something?
DOCTOR: Injured? No, I've not been injured. This Tardis contained all of the Time Station when it exploded. This ship was filled to bursting with a great mass of the fiercest fizzing energy.
CHARLEY: What, anti-time?
DOCTOR: A crude term for such a matter of life and death. But now that the breach is resolved, now that the problem of you is resolved, well, all that remains of that stuff in this whole reality is held in here.
CHARLEY: What, in the Tardis?
DOCTOR: (laughs) No, no. In here.
RASSILON: And his moment Time's undoing.
CHARLEY: You're scaring me now. Stop it, Doctor, please.
(The Doctor's voice acquires a sizzling energy effect.)
DOCTOR: Doctor, Doctor. I hold the last vestiges of the most awesome power ever imagined. Imagined. Yes. How much better if I should take my title from a work of imagination. A creature willed to power by the undying anger of an unreal race!
CHARLEY: Doctor, I haven't got the faintest idea what you're on about, but I really think you need help, so if you'll just let me

(Slap!)
CHARLEY:Ow! Doctor. Doctor, what's wrong with you?
DOCTOR: I told you, girl, I am not the Doctor! I am become he who sits inside your head. He who lives among the dead. He who sees you in your bed, and eats you when you're sleeping. I am become Zagreus!!!

[Part One - Wonderland]

(Footsteps. Evil Doctor has an electronic crackle to his voice.)
ZAGREUS: Where are you? Where are you, girl? What are you doing in my ship?
CHARLEY: (terrified, sotto) No, please, no. What's happened to you?
ZAGREUS: I demand you show yourself. Help me, please. I'm so confused. Curse you, girl!
CHARLEY: (sotto) Zagreus. He said he was Zagreus, not the Doctor. Oh, I don't understand.
(Growling Zagreus opening and closing doors.)
CHARLEY: Must find out what's going on, what made him like this.
ZAGREUS: Zagreus was a nursery rhyme, but now Zagreus' life is mine.
CHARLEY: Doctor, please, no! (echoes)

(Temporal engines, then a bang and fizz. Silence then sounds of horse-drawn carriages in a street.)
NEWSSELLER: Extra, extra, read all about it. General strike. Read all about it.
LOUISA: You're getting to be a very willful young lady, Charlotte. I suppose it's the fashion these days, but I believed that you and your sisters had been brought up to be ladies, not bolshies. Well, come along, come along. He won't wait forever, you know.
(Anneka Wills, aka Polly)
CHARLEY: Mother?
LOUISA: Yes?
CHARLEY: Nothing, Mama. Nothing. I do believe I was daydreaming.
LOUISA: Yes, that's the trouble with you, Charlotte. Too much daydreaming and not enough reality. It's that book, I shouldn't wonder.
CHARLEY: Book? What book? Oh. Oh, this. The Alice Compendium, by Lewis Carroll. It's the copy from Grandmama. Look, the inscription. To my dearest Charlotte. Enjoy this mild divergence from boring books about etiquette. Merry Christmas from Nana Saviltride, Christmas 1919. I haven't seen this for years. I lost this. Left it at school. How can it be here now?
LOUISA: Hurry now, child. Just around this corner.
CHARLEY: Where are we going?
LOUISA: Going? You know perfectly well where we're going, and why.
CHARLEY: I, I seem to have forgotten, Mama. Please remind me again?
LOUISA: I don't know what's inside your head sometimes. Turnips, probably. Head full of turnips, that's what Miss Lime wrote in your last report.
CHARLEY: Mama, I'm sorry. Sorry I'm such a disappointment.
LOUISA: Look at your sisters. Margaret's going to marry that delightful Earl of Medmenham, and Romana is, I'm sure, very attracted to to that sophisticated investment
CHARLEY: Romana?
LOUISA: What?
CHARLEY: You said Romana. My sisters are Margaret and Cecilia. Peg and Cissy. Not Romana.
LOUISA: I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about, girl. Come, we're here. Ring the bell.
CHARLEY: But where are we?
LOUISA: For heaven's sake, Charlotte, we're at the surgery. We're here to see the doctor.

(Bell rings inside the building.)
CHARLEY: Doctor?

ZAGREUS: Ship! Ship! Speak to me. Ship! Please? Please, I need you. (cries) I need you. Damn you, Ship. I need. I. I need. I need help. Your help. Anyone's help. I can't find my way. I can't find my way back to. Now, that's odd. That's odd. Where was I going, ship? Mmm? Well, go on, give me a clue. Give me a clue. Not one easy peasy lemon squeezy clue? I am Zagreus, ship! I demand you answer me!
(Door opens. When Zagreus is angry, he sounds extremely crackly, but when calmer he is almost our normal Doctor again.)
ZAGREUS: Now that's better.
(Footsteps.)
ZAGREUS: Now, where are we? No, it's not, it's not. Well, wherever it is I'm looking for, I'm fairly sure that this isn't it.
(Door closes.)
ZAGREUS: Next.
(Door opens to sounds of horses galloping.)
ZAGREUS: Now what are the odds on that? Of course, I prefer a steeplechase, but no, I don't think that this is it either.
(Door closes.)
ZAGREUS: Come on, you wretched machine! I am your master! You are supposed to do what I command you to, so get me to wherever I want to be.
(Door opens, footsteps.)
ZAGREUS: Books. Books. Fantastic. I love books. I prefer books to people, on the whole. What do we have here, Ship? Masefield? No. Dickens? No. Kipling, no. Shelley, nope. J M Barrie, no, no, no, no. Fleming. No. Wait. Wait, is this a first edition? Hmm. Rubbish, then. Why here, Ship? I said, why here? You are a very stupid ship. While, of course, I am a fairly stupid Doctor. Doctor. Doc Tor. No, Doc. I, no, not the Doctor. Zagreus. Zagreus.
(Thud.)
ZAGREUS: Is that a hint? A Brief History of Time.
(Leafs through pages.)
ZAGREUS: It's blank, you stupid ship. The pages are all blank. Oh, but that's the point, isn't it. That is the point. Very good, ship. A history that isn't there, because it's not been written. Or because it's been erased, wiped out, decimate, eradicated, obliterated. Why do words like these come easier than not being written?

(Faint radio music in background.)
CHARLEY: Why are we here, Mama?
LOUISA: To find out what's wrong with you, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Is there something wrong with me?
LOUISA: That's what we're going to find out.
CHARLEY: I feel sure that if there was something wrong with me, I should know. But of course it may be that the thing that's wrong with me stops me knowing there's anything wrong with me in the first place, and so how curious this all is. One would think I must know my own mind, but perhaps not. Perhaps part of me knows, but another part of me doesn't want to know, and being the dominant side of me, it wins, and therefore I don't know that I'm truly ill and in need of a doctor. Or perhaps I should see this doctor after all and find out whether I am indeed an ill person who believes herself to be well, or a well person who believes herself to be sick. Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking.
LOUISA: Indeed.
RECEPTIONIST: Lady Pollard? The doctor will see you now in room forty. You and your delightful little bunny.
CHARLEY: Bunny? I'm not a
LOUISA: Hush, child. Here's a carrot. It's that book's fault. You and your White Rabbit. Oh, I wish a White Rabbit would take me down into Wonderland, you used to say. Ridiculous book, full of nonsense.

CHARLEY: But Mama, it's my favourite.
LOUISA: Do be quiet. Doctor Zagreus is a very busy man. Eat your carrot.
CHARLEY: But Mama, I'm not a rabbit. I'm a girl. Your daughter.
LOUISA: Hush.
(Door handle rattles.)
LOUISA: The door to the doctor's office seems to be locked. We appear to be kept out. Why would Doctor Zagreus want to keep us away?
CHARLEY: Ask the receptionist. I'm just a bunny-wunny, apparently.
LOUISA: I'm sure it's something you've done, Charlotte. Bound to be your fault.
CHARLEY: Mother, are you aware you appear to have grown ears and whiskers? And, let me see? Yes, a little cotton tail. Something's not right here at all.
LOUISA: Carrots. Eat your carrots.
CHARLEY: Zagreus. I know that name. Doctor Zagreus won't let us in. Won't let *me* in.
(Door handle rattles, then is unlocked.)
LOUISA: Ah, Doctor. She won't eat her carrots, you know. I keep telling her. And lettuce, and bran. And she keeps looking at fob watches in shop windows, and
CHARLEY: Oh, hello. You're not Doctor Zagreus, are you. I wasn't expecting to find *you* here.
BRIGADIER: Good to see you again, Miss Pollard. Welcome to your insanity.

ZAGREUS: The answer must be here. Ship? It has to be. I mean, this is a library. The answers are always in a library, so why can't I find the answers? Ship! Ship!
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: It does seem rather a shame, doesn't it, old chap.
(Jon Pertwee from beyond the grave, via selected lines from a fan production called Devious. The quality is poor and hard to hear.)
ZAGREUS: Who's there? Hello? I can barely hear you. Why can't I hear you? Or see you. Or know who you are. Ship, are we alone?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Yes.
ZAGREUS: I can just about hear you, old man. Your voice, it seems familiar. Do I know you? Or for that matter, do I know me?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: That's it. Now, (heavily distorted and repeating.)
ZAGREUS: Stop it. Please stop! That noise, it's hurting me!
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: There's no reason
ZAGREUS: Well, stop it! (silence) Thank you. Now who, who are you? No, wait, wait. First things first. Where are you? I can't always make out what you're saying.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Oh no, sorry, I should have know, Right.
ZAGREUS: Oh, but that's no better. Never mind, never mind. Can you help me? You see, I'm in a bit of a state. I think I may be losing my mind. Hello? Am I going mad?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: I'm afraid so.
ZAGREUS: Oh, I see. Well, thanks for nothing. It's my ship, isn't it? Doing this, putting us in contact. I think I've worked out that much. But who are you?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: I'm who you should be.

CHARLEY: We're in the Tardis.
BRIGADIER: So it would appear, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: And you. Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart. Retired, of course.
BRIGADIER: So it would appear, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: But why are you here? I mean, in the Tardis. No, wait a minute. Why are *we* here, anyway? A moment ago I was with my mother in Harley Street, and then she decided I was a rabbit.
BRIGADIER: Memories, Miss Pollard. Clutching at straws, you see.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure I follow.
BRIGADIER: You had a pet rabbit once.
CHARLEY: Mopsy. As in Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter.
BRIGADIER: Memories are important, Miss Pollard. Some say we're little more

than the product of a lifetime's memories. Time Lords even more so.
CHARLEY: Time Lords. The Doctor! Of course. Where is he?
BRIGADIER: Elsewhere, for now. He has done something incredibly brave.
CHARLEY: Yes?
BRIGADIER: What do you recall of Sentris? Of anti-time?
CHARLEY: That awful woman with my face.
BRIGADIER: Indeed.
CHARLEY: She was using me to take her anti-time bomb back to Gallifrey. I remember the pain, transformation. Oh, it hurt so much. But then, then I was nowhere.
BRIGADIER: Nowhere?
CHARLEY: Just floating. I could see the galaxies, stars, the universe. Oh, Brigadier, it was beautiful. I can't explain it, but I felt as if I could reach out and touch anything, everything. I'd forgotten all this, and about the Tardis and the Doctor until just now. What happened here? Why is it all scorched and burned and hollow?
BRIGADIER: That was his bravery, Miss Pollard. That was the nature of his sacrifice.

ZAGREUS: Sacrifice? Me? It sounds unlikely. Sounds more the Doctor's bag than mine.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Yes, poor Doctor.
ZAGREUS: You see, I'm not the Doctor. I am not the Doctor! I am Zagreus! I am he who sits inside your head, he who. He who does something else and then eats bread. Oh no, no, that can't be right.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Well, it seems you have part of your memory altered.
ZAGREUS: Yes, it would seem so. So, who are you anyway? Why are you here trying to help me? Although to be honest, I think it's only fair to point out to you that you are in fact confusing me further.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: I'm sorry, but that's the way it has to be.
ZAGREUS: Something drew me here, here to this library full of books with no words, and strange disembodied voices talking nonsense. That's you, by the way.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Right.
ZAGREUS: So long as you know. Am I supposed to find something in here? Some kind of clue as to who you are? Or who I am, perhaps?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Yes.
ZAGREUS: Ah. I see. Any chance of a clue?
(A book falls, pages fluttering.)
ZAGREUS: Hang on.
(Footsteps.)
ZAGREUS: No, this one's blank too.
(Lots of books falling.)
ZAGREUS: Oh, I see. Up there? Yes? All these books came from up there, on the top shelf.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Good.
ZAGREUS: So you want me to climb up and fetch something, yes? Something your telekinesis or whatever can't shift down here where, frankly, it'd be a lot easier to read. I see. All right. All right. Steps. Steps.
(Library steps roll towards him.)
ZAGREUS: Steps. Thank you.
(Creak of going up steps.)
ZAGREUS: I'm not sure I can reach all the way. Well, maybe, maybe if I stretch a little further?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: It's not going to work, you know.
ZAGREUS: No. No, it's not. Should I climb up?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: That's better.
ZAGREUS: You are too kind with your encouragement. (creaks of wood) Oops, sorry book. (thud) How much further up? It's difficult to see where I'm going when it's on a vertical and I'm trying not to fall.

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Yes, put your wrists on the edges, this level. Put that one back there.
ZAGREUS: I see.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: The wrists where they are. Now come slightly forwards, now slightly back.
ZAGREUS: I'm not a contortionist, you know. Oh, I see. Is this the one you wanted?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: That is in the wrong place.
ZAGREUS: I don't know! Oh. How To Boil An Egg. Well, yes, probably should be in the cookery section rather than fiction. Oh well, bye, bye, book. Can you tell me what I'm looking for?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Ah, I can't.
ZAGREUS: Well, how far along?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Two, three.
ZAGREUS: Three. Got it. Got it! It won't budge. Which explains why you couldn't chuck it around, my disembodied friend. I'm trying to get it. It appears to be the er, the Alice Compendium, by Lewis Carroll. (pages turn) Now that's odd. That's odd. It's not blank. Why in a library full of empty books is this one full of words? And, at a quick glance, pretty much the right words. Except here at the front there's an inscription. To my dearest. Ah, can't read that. Can't focus on that one word. Anyway, enjoy this mild no. No, there's another word I can't see. Anyway, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Merry Christmas from Nana Saviltride, Christmas 1919. Wonder who Nana Saviltride was? No grandmother from my side of the family, I'm positive. Now why couldn't it have been something tremendously exciting, or rare, or unusual, or
(Creak of wood.)
ZAGREUS: Fantastic! A secret passage. Of course, it's a library. All libraries have secret passages in. Hey, there's a light ahead. I suppose you want me to walk towards it.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Well, there's no time like the present.
ZAGREUS: No time, no time. Time. Time. Time! Anti-time! I remember!
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Talk me through it.
ZAGREUS: I er, no, no, no, the, the, the Doctor was in the Tardis, this Tardis, materialising it around the casket of anti-time. Yes. I remember her.

CHARLEY: And so when the Time Station exploded, all the anti-time Sentris had brought through, plus her and all those she'd consumed were obliterated.
BRIGADIER: Indeed, Miss Pollard. And absorbed by both the Doctor and his Tardis.
CHARLEY: He hit me.
BRIGADIER: I beg your pardon?
CHARLEY: The Doctor, he hit me. Said he was Zagreus, not the Doctor. Which, frankly, is just as well, as I rather think that if the Doctor had hit me I should be somewhat crosser than I was. Am. Was.
BRIGADIER: I see. And then?
CHARLEY: And then he yelled a lot.

ZAGREUS: And when I'd finished trying to shut her up, she ran away and I stumbled out after her. At least I think I did, or perhaps it was just a dream.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Well, most of it was real.
ZAGREUS: I was afraid you'd say that. Who is she? And where is she now?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Some place.
ZAGREUS: You can't help me. No, I thought not. Still, you showed me the secret passageway, so I suppose I'd best find out where it goes. Of course, as this is my ship. At least I think it is my ship. Don't know who else's it could be, and it does seem awfully familiar. Anyway, if this is my ship I rather think I ought to know about the secret passageway, so why don't I?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Yes. Yes, well, now it's time to look to the future.
ZAGREUS: The future? And that's in the light down there?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Then you go down.

ZAGREUS: Down to what? Is it a mission, a task, a holy grail that needs to be found, or damsel in distress, or? Or is it something more prosaic? Will I find the truth in the light, is that it? Is that my mission?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: You know something? I think the truth you need to complete it.
ZAGREUS: You know, I think I don't. I think I know what you are now. You're this ship, aren't you?
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Well, I'm awfully sorry.
ZAGREUS: Pulling something from your mind, from your past, but with all the holoprojectors on board, all this technology, why can't you manifest properly? Why just a voice, hmm? Because, because you're dividing your power up. There's another voice elsewhere, isn't there? Same voice, or someone totally different, helping, helping that human girl Charley or whatever she's called.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Good.
ZAGREUS: Thank you, Ship. Thank you. I'm going now, into the light. Goodbye. Goodbye, Doctor.

BRIGADIER: Well, Miss Pollard, that is a tall story.
CHARLEY: Don't say it like that. You sound just like my mother.
BRIGADIER: Like your mother? Is this your mother, Miss Pollard?
(Electronic whoosh.)
LOUISA: Pollard. Lady Louisa Pollard. My daughter is Charlotte.
MISS LIME: I see.
(Played by Elisabeth Sladen, aka Sarah Jane Smith, with a wee Scottish accent.)
CHARLEY: Mama.
MISS LIME: Well, of course, you have to understand, Lady Pollard, that your daughter is quite a wilful young lady.
LOUISA: I'm aware of that, Miss Lime. Now, I've just driven up from Winchester and I'm decidedly tired. Kindly get to the point, if there is one.
CHARLEY: Gosh, Mama. I didn't know you had it in you.
MISS LIME: The point, Lady Pollard, is that young Charlotte has absconded.
LOUISA: I do beg your pardon?
MISS LIME: She was discovered to be missing earlier this morning. However, we believe we know where she is.
LOUISA: I see. And where is that?
MISS LIME: Cardington.
LOUISA: I'm not an atlas, Miss Lime.
MISS LIME: It is in Bedfordshire, where the R101 is due to make her maiden voyage. Charlotte has displayed an enthusiasm for the craft.
LOUISA: I see. And how have my other daughters taken the news of their sister's absconding?
MISS LIME: The news?
LOUISA: Miss Lime, Charlotte is wilful, disobedient and has little regard for authority. I suspect she takes after me in that. However, she is also intelligent, resourceful, and more than capable of getting to Bedfordshire and back quite safely. I'm only surprised that she's allowed her disappearance to become noticed. My other daughters, however. Well, perhaps they share more of their father's characteristics. One imagines they are mewling like kittens at her disappearance.
MISS LIME: Well, as I understand it, your youngest
LOUISA: Cecilia.
CHARLEY: Hooray! She remembered her this time.
MISS LIME: Is upset, whilst your other daughter
LOUISA: Sentris.
CHARLEY: Margaret! Oh, honestly, Mama.
MISS LIME: Sentris is threatening to organise search parties.
LOUISA: How commendable. There's hope for her yet. So tell me, Miss Lime, before I go to the governors and ask them to consider whether or not this Finishing School is being correctly administered by a dowdy spinster who cannot seem to avoid losing one eighteen year old out of what, thirty pupils? Thirty two,

maybe? Tell me, what are you going to do (voice slows) about my missing daughter.
(Electronic whoosh.)
BRIGADIER: There you have it, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: I never knew. Never realised.
BRIGADIER: What?
CHARLEY: How much, well, respect she has for me. Did this really happen, or is this just one of the Tardis's holoprojectiles or whatever it is they're called?
BRIGADIER: It is both, Miss Pollard. This ship is unstable right now. As its internal dimensions have become more fluid that usual, the line between projection and reality has blurred. So, we can enter these projections more or less at will, observe, and with a slight adjustment, interact with them. No one would recognise us for who we really are.
CHARLEY: Why would we want to do that?
BRIGADIER: Because it may be the only way for us to learn what has happened to the Doctor, and whether we can cure him of this ailment called Zagreus.

(Against a background of sizzles, Paul McGann talks to himself.)
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Absolutely fascinating.
ZAGREUS: What is it, Time Lord?
DOCTOR: Oh, hello. I wondered when I'd hear from you. Two noises in one head, bound to cause problems. You know what this is?
ZAGREUS: Yes.
DOCTOR: Well, thank you for your help. Do run along now. You must have some history to rewrite or some legends to live up to.
ZAGREUS: You know who I am?
DOCTOR: I know who you are meant to be, but the trouble is you don't actually exist.
ZAGREUS: I am here, however.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that, I imagine, is because this great lump of. Oh, well, whatever it is. Let's call it bright shiny ball of whatever, yes? A big bright shiny ball of whatever. Notice I added an additional adjective to go along with the tautological noun? Grammar was never my strong suit. Or perhaps it wasn't yours?
ZAGREUS: Do you know what the light represents?
DOCTOR: Do you? The ship guided me here, having created this little pocket of tranquillity where I could sit down and relax. For everything has to have an opposite. For the anti-time to be dominant there has to be a smidgeon of positive time left, otherwise we'd have been consumed by now. This morsel of untouched ship is a safety valve. Like a pressure cooker, it needs to let off steam.
ZAGREUS: So, what are you going to do with the anti-time energy pervading the rest of this craft, and indeed, yourself?
DOCTOR: I don't know. You're me. What do you suggest?
ZAGREUS: Destruction. Total annihilation of the cosmos. You, we, have the power.
DOCTOR: Yes, but what is the point? You destroy the universe and wake up twenty minutes later and think, bother, I forgot to go and see the Cubist Exhibition of Patrellis Major, or check up on the Oracle on KS159, or nip back and find out who *really* shot JFK. Someone once blamed me, you know that? But I'm fairly certain all of me were elsewhere. Destroying universes is so passé, and you always regret it.
ZAGREUS: And what about your companion?
DOCTOR: My companion? Charley, of course. How could I have forgotten about Charley? Oh, now there is a conundrum. Leave here to find Charley and you take me over again. Stay here, she's in trouble. Tell me, Zagreus, what would you do?

(Electronic whooshes.)
CHARLEY: Urgh. Oh, now where are we?

BRIGADIER: Don't you know?
CHARLEY: Well, it's cold, and those buildings are not very attractive.
BRIGADIER: Ah, the military mind. Practical, prefabricated, and far from pleasing to the eye. Could this really be where the divergence occurs?
CHARLEY: Sorry?
BRIGADIER: Nothing.
CHARLEY: What aren't you telling me? I'm not stupid, you know, Brigadier. I can. Oh, of course, I am being stupid. You're not the Brigadier, are you. Not remotely.
BRIGADIER: Well done, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: You're my very own White Rabbit, aren't you?
BRIGADIER: Not sure what you mean.
CHARLEY: You've been reading my mind. All that stuff, going to the doctor in Harley Street with my copy of Alice. You're using the ideas in that to get to my memories.
BRIGADIER: Is that what I've been doing? Sorry. Hope you don't mind.
CHARLEY: You're the Tardis, aren't you.
BRIGADIER: Yes.
CHARLEY: Ah ha!
BRIGADIER: And no.
CHARLEY: Oh.
BRIGADIER: Something has happened, Miss Pollard. Something has affected both myself, the Tardis if you like, and the Doctor. You seem to be the only thing aboard not tainted by whatever it is.
CHARLEY: Because I wasn't here when it happened. Whenever the Doctor did whatever it is that he did to stop Sentris.
BRIGADIER: Precisely.
CHARLEY: I see.
BRIGADIER: I don't think you do, Miss Pollard. I really don't think you do. Something, something terrible has happened. Parts of me are drifting away. My consciousness, my self-awareness is fractured, and I'm having to find ways to help you. Both of you.
CHARLEY: Both? The Doctor? You're helping him too?
BRIGADIER: As best I can.
CHARLEY: But with you in a similar predicament, well, I can see that's difficult.
BRIGADIER: I arranged for the Doctor to be helped by an earlier Doctor. You are familiar with regeneration, yes?
CHARLEY: Not entirely, but I've picked up the gist.
BRIGADIER: This chap, the Brigadier, has been important to both of you.
CHARLEY: He's the Doctor's oldest friend. Well, non-Time Lord friend, anyway.
BRIGADIER: Time Lords? No. no, mustn't involve the Time Lords.
CHARLEY: But what about that woman Romana? She could help. She's the President, you know.
BRIGADIER: Emphatically not. The Time Lords can't help. We might infect them with, with whatever it is.

ZAGREUS: Enough sitting, Doctor. We need to find Charley.
DOCTOR: If I move away from my safety net of glowing, glowing, glowiness, there'll only be one of me again, and I've an unpleasant idea it'll be you in charge up here.
ZAGREUS: I am Zagreus. The one who sets all time a-weeping.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that's rather the point, isn't it. You're not setting anything a-weeping, are you. My own be-waffled subconsciousness has conjured you up so we can have a little tête-à-tête, but only whilst we, I'm, here. Zagreus doesn't exist.
ZAGREUS: But that's just the delight of it, Doctor. I do now. By destroying the power of the anti-time casket, by absorbing it into yourself and your craft, you have brought me into reality. And whilst your ship helped you earlier, I can feel its defences cracking. And the parts of me that are inside every wall, every floor, every atom of every particle, grows stronger and more dominant. Just as they

are in you.
DOCTOR: I, we, will be rid of you.
ZAGREUS: How? I'm not from this universe. I am unique. I'm alien. I don't conform to your laws, your physics. And with your help, Doctor, I'm going to alter the state of your universe. Make it suit me.
DOCTOR: Won't that rather result in the destruction of everything else?
ZAGREUS: That's rather the point.
DOCTOR: Now I can think, I can focus. The Time Lords called you anti-time, but you are far, far more than that.
ZAGREUS: Anti-time, as Sentris told you, is the result of hundreds of thousands of living, breathing being's futures and pasts. Wases and never-wases.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. And between them they bore witness to a billion alternatives. I can see things in my mind's eye. I can see me, thousands of mes doing difference things in different places, but all at once. Alternative realities. Or maybe this is an alternative, and one of those others is real. You're part of me. Can't you see what I'm seeing?
ZAGREUS: Always.
DOCTOR: Look there. I see myself on the planet Oblivion, facing a race called the Horde. And there, look. A tiny reality where Gallifrey isn't a planet but a timeless diamond, drifting through the stars. I can see a universe where the Time Lords have terrible mind powers, and another where they have ceased to exist. Time wound backwards to eliminate their every trace. A planet, Earth, where the Nestenes very nearly destroyed everything. And another Earth, upon which I have plucked out one of my own hearts. But which is real, and which are the alternatives?
ZAGREUS: There is no alternative.
DOCTOR: You mean no one knows which reality is the real one?
ZAGREUS: They are all real, and primary to their inhabitants. In the grand scheme of things it doesn't matter. Who is there to care? They all exist, occasionally sharing moments, eras. The rest of the time self-contained and unaware. But all are destined to end together, and very soon.
DOCTOR: I'm scared.
ZAGREUS: Good. You should be.
DOCTOR: What now?
ZAGREUS: The mission you discussed earlier with your old self.
DOCTOR: So I have to move, to leave this comfort zone.
ZAGREUS: Indeed. But you can always return now and again, reestablish your sanity if you want.
DOCTOR: But you'll be in charge, won't you?
ZAGREUS: Of course. You haven't the strength of character to do what is needed. I'm afraid you need our parasitic coexistence to do what needs to be done.
DOCTOR: And if we lose?
ZAGREUS: Time is undone, and I am sated.
DOCTOR: And if we win?
ZAGREUS: I will be free of you, and Time will be my restaurant. Either way I win and you lose. The difference is, the second option gives others in the universe a chance. Now, shall we go? I've a cosmic menu to study.

CHARLEY: What now, Brigadier?
BRIGADIER: We must let the story play itself out, and see what happens.
CHARLEY: Do you know what these clues are that we're looking for?
BRIGADIER: Not at all. Ready?
CHARLEY: Ready. What time zone are we in?
BRIGADIER: Time zone?
CHARLEY: Isn't that the term? I can see it's not 1930 from your prefabricated buildings.
BRIGADIER: I have no idea, but this time, this place is significant. I sense it. Let's go, shall we?
CHARLEY: And the people inside? They won't see us as us?

BRIGADIER: Indeed. They'll see us inhabiting bodies of people they would expect to see. Prepare to play along.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Should we hide?
BRIGADIER: Why? He'll see us as someone he's expecting to see.
MCDONNELL: Oh. Oh, good evening, sir.
(Mark Strickson, aka Turlough)
BRIGADIER: Good evening, er
MCDONNELL: Captain McDonnell, sir. We weren't expecting you until the morning.
BRIGADIER: I see.
MCDONNELL: Still, this gives you a good chance to see the Doctor at work.
CHARLEY: The Doctor?
MCDONNELL: Yes, Driver.
CHARLEY: Driver?
BRIGADIER: Ah, Pollard. Driver Pollard, my driver.
MCDONNELL: Of course, sir. Good evening, Corporal Pollard.
CHARLEY: Er, yes. Hello, Captain,
BRIGADIER: Well, I'd like er to freshen up before we meet up with the er, the Doctor, yes?
MCDONNELL: Of course. This way, Minister.
BRIGADIER: Come along, driver. Keep up with Captain McDonnell.
(Footsteps on gravel, door opens.)
MCDONNELL: Through here, sir. I can set you up with quarters in the Officer's Mess. Corporal, there's so few staff here, you could pick a barrack at random and total privacy.
CHARLEY: Thank you. You're very kind, Captain.
MCDONNELL: Now, I must get back to the Doctor. Sorry the accommodation's a bit rough, Minister. We really didn't know you were coming down this evening.
BRIGADIER: Perfectly all right, Captain. Goodnight.
MCDONNELL: Sir. Corporal.
CHARLEY: Goodnight.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Charley, Charley? Where are you, Charley? I'm all right now. The Zagreus side of me has been submerged. It's gone. I won't hurt you. Please, Charley. I need your help. Please. Charley.
ZAGREUS: Yssgaroth curse you, girl! Where are you? I command you be here now! Ah, useless girl.
DOCTOR: No, I must keep it, I must keep him under control. I'm sorry. If you can hear any of this, Charley, but it's hard. It's so hard to be strong, not be consumed. If only there was something I could do, find out someone to help me.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Let's see if we can
DOCTOR: Oh, hello again. What words of wisdom do you have now? Nothing. I thought so. (thump) What is your obsession with this book, hmm? Is Lewis Carroll a personal friend? Ah, hang on a minute. Yes. Yes. Now that's interesting. Don't you think this is interesting? I couldn't see these words last time, but the inscription clearly says to my dearest Charlotte. Enjoy this mild divergence from boring books about etiquette. Merry Christmas from Nana Saviltride, Christmas 1919. Charlotte must mean Charley. And that other word I couldn't work out, divergence, shouldn't that be significant? Divergence? Divergence? Pen. Pen. Pen! My kingdom for a pen. Oh, that's nice. Where did I get that from? Do you like lollipops, my disembodied friend? Hmm, mint sauce and onion gravy flavour, my favourite. Now, where was I? Yes, pen. Yes, here we go.
(Click of ball point pen.)
DOCTOR: D I V Mmm, divergence. By the way, Ship, I hate people who write in books. Don't let me do it again, all right? I can't see anything significant, though. What about this other thing, this word I don't recognise. S A V

DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Let's see if we can do it this way round.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, thank you so much. Ah. Now I'm rather scared.

(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Why are we here? We're supposed to be sleeping back in that other block.
BRIGADIER: We won't learn anything through sleep, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: All right. But why in here? It's pitch black. It's not as if we can see whatever it is we're looking for. And by the way, what are we looking for?
BRIGADIER: I don't know. But I will, when *you* find it.
CHARLEY: *I* find it?
BRIGADIER: Miss Pollard, I'm an insubstantial hologram created from the Tardis memory banks. I can do nothing except manipulate the scenarios I create.
CHARLEY: But if we're looking for something, some way to help the Doctor, you must have an idea what it is?
BRIGADIER: Not a clue. Sorry.
CHARLEY: Great. So again, where are we?
BRIGADIER: The Tardis, in other words, me, is trying to piece this together as quickly as I can.
CHARLEY: And?
BRIGADIER: Yes, let's see where we are.
(Lever pulled down, power comes on.)
CHARLEY: Oh, heavens.
BRIGADIER: Fascinating.
CHARLEY: Ministry of Defence. Ooo, and this one says Top Secret. Cardington. Oh well, there we are, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: What's that, Miss Pollard?
CHARLEY: You've brought us to Cardington, where I first met the Doctor. But it's not 1930. Now it's somewhere where they store big wooden crates full of Top Secret Ministry of Defence things.
BRIGADIER: Indeed. So it would appear. However
CHARLEY: Shh.
BRIGADIER: Eh?
CHARLEY: Someone's coming.
(Door opens.)
MCDONNELL: Oh, hells bells.
FOSTER: What is it. Captain?
(Sarah Sutton, aka Nyssa)
MCDONNELL: Someone left the ruddy lights on. I mean, what is the point of posting messages all over the base about saving energy if some wretched navvie's going to leave it on overnight.
FOSTER: Yes, sir.
MCDONNELL: If the Doctor's work is going to remain unknown to the Reds, then secrecy is of utmost importance.
FOSTER: Yes, sir.
MCDONNELL: Draft another memo, Miss Foster, and imply there will be stiff penalties for anyone found ignoring me. Is that clear?
FOSTER: Yes, sir.
MCDONNELL: Now, which crates are we seeking out?
FOSTER: The ones from 1947, Captain. The Doctor wants everything that was collated in Hereford.
MCDONNELL: So are we looking at paperwork or more?
FOSTER: I have no idea, Captain. Hereford was before I was assigned here.
MCDONNELL: Right, well, you look down that aisle, I'll start over there.
FOSTER: Yes, sir.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Brigadier, they'll find us.
BRIGADIER: (sotto) If they do, not a problem. I'm the Minister of Something, remember?
MCDONNELL: Found them, Miss Foster. Think we might need some of the lads to help shift them. Dashed heavy by the look of it.

FOSTER: Yes, Captain. I'll go and. Oh!
CHARLEY: Damn.
FOSTER: Gosh, what are you two doing here?
CHARLEY: Ah, er, well, you see, I
MCDONNELL: What the hell? Oh. Good evening again, sir. May I ask, sir, if you don't mind
BRIGADIER: What we're doing in here.
MCDONNELL: Well, yes.
BRIGADIER: What do you think we might be doing in here, Captain?
MCDONNELL: Well, sir, I know the Ministry requested full access
BRIGADIER: But?
MCDONNELL: I understood that this room was still, well
BRIGADIER: Off-limits?
MCDONNELL: Yes, sir.
BRIGADIER: All the more reason for us to check it out.
MCDONNELL: Us?
FOSTER: The Minister's driver is here, sir.
MCDONNELL: Corporal Pollard? Why?
BRIGADIER: Because
CHARLEY: Because I am under orders to stay with the Minister at all times, Captain McDonnell. Security and all that.
MCDONNELL: I see. Very good. All in order. Would you like Miss Foster to escort you to the Doctor's laboratory now?
CHARLEY: Yes, please.
MCDONNELL: What?
CHARLEY: Sorry, I mean, er, yes, Minister, we would, wouldn't we.
BRIGADIER: Absolutely.
MCDONNELL: Miss Foster? I'll finish up here. If you could escort the Minister and his driver.
FOSTER: Yes, sir. This way, Sir Jeffery. Corporal Pollard.
BRIGADIER: Thank you.
(Footsteps.)
MCDONNELL: Now then, crates one, two, three and four. Oh, great.

(Door closes.)
FOSTER: Permission to speak, Minister?
BRIGADIER: Of course, Miss Foster.
FOSTER: Are we secure, sir?
BRIGADIER: Secure? Oh. Oh, I see. There's nothing Corporal Pollard is unaware of.
FOSTER: Good. Sir, my report.
BRIGADIER: Go ahead.
FOSTER: As requested by yourself, I have been observing the base personnel, particularly those close to Doctor Stone.
CHARLEY: Who are?
FOSTER: Myself obviously, Corporal. Plus Captain McDonnell, the base's chaplain, Reverend Townsend, and his niece Mary Elson.
BRIGADIER: And your observations?
FOSTER: Captain McDonnell is an upstanding, well trained officer in His Majesty's Army, sir. I believe him to be as honest and dependable as they come. I don't think he's the spy.
CHARLEY: Spy?
FOSTER: Yes, Corporal?
CHARLEY: I meant, are you sure you should say spy quite so loudly?
FOSTER: No one else is in this building apart from the Captain.
BRIGADIER: And the others?
FOSTER: I believe we can discount Mary Elson. I have done a complete check on her background. She is exactly what she seems, the Reverend's niece. Her parents, the Reverend's brother and sister in law, died in a car crash some three years ago.

CHARLEY: Who does that leave?
FOSTER: Reverend Townsend. I know one isn't suppose to go on intuition, sir, but
BRIGADIER: It's all right, Foster. I encourage thought rather than rule books.
FOSTER: Well, sir, I don't trust him. He's too interested in the Doctor's theoretical work. Before helping with any experimental or practical demonstration, he requires a full and detailed history of that experiment. Why they are doing it and how it should work.
CHARLEY: Sounds sensible to me, Miss Foster.
FOSTER: Yes, Corporal, I'm sure it does to you. But my job is to be suspicious. The Reverend has issues, I believe is the current parlance.
CHARLEY: Such as?
FOSTER: He claims his beliefs contradict the work happening here.
BRIGADIER: He tries to stop it?
FOSTER: Exactly the opposite. He encourages it, and yet criticises, as if he can't make up his mind what to believe, scripture or science.
BRIGADIER: But clearly, not both in harmony.
FOSTER: Oh no, sir. Why did the Ministry put him in as an observer?
BRIGADIER: How well does he get on with the Doctor?
FOSTER: Chalk and cheese, sir. They argue bitterly. The Reverend challenges her every notion, causing the Doctor to check and recheck everything. It creates a somewhat hostile atmosphere.
BRIGADIER: Nevertheless, as we are at the dawn of a new age of science, it seems appropriate that Doctor Stone doesn't just charge ahead and make mistakes.
CHARLEY: Science without a conscience. Not good.
FOSTER: Yes, thank you, Corporal.
CHARLEY: Sorry.
BRIGADIER: How long has Reverend Townsend been here?
FOSTER: Eight months. He arrived shortly after myself.
CHARLEY: And how long has the niece, this Mary Elson, been here?
FOSTER: Not long after. I have it noted elsewhere.
BRIGADIER: You have done very well
(Explosion!)
FOSTER: What on Earth?
CHARLEY: Gracious, what was that?
BRIGADIER: At last.

(The explosion is heard here.)
DOCTOR: What was that, Ship? Ship? Something's happening. The question would appear to be who is better suited to deal with it, the Doctor or Zagreus. I think I know the answer, but I don't think I like it. Not one little bit. Oh Ship, I need, I need to get out from inside you, to see where we've landed. And to do that I need to find my way back to the place I couldn't remember earlier. The control room. Yes! And you, you have a name? Bessie. No, no, sorry, that's not it, not you. I've got it. Tardis.

(Mayhem.)
TOWNSEND: Doctor Stone, there. There, do you see? In all that's holy
(Peter Davison.)
STONE: Hold it steady, man. This is overloading.
(Nicola Bryant, aka Peri, without the fake American accent. Channelling Margaret Rutherford, by the sounds of it.)
TOWNSEND: I am trying, Doctor, but it has gone right off the scale. You always said this wouldn't happen.
STONE: Indeed. And we won't be able to ascertain why if you don't bring this back under control, now!
TOWNSEND: All right. Bringing down alpha wave emitters, now.
STONE: Bringing down beta wave emitters, now.
TOWNSEND: And here go the epsilon wave emitters. There.

STONE: Finally the Omega emitters.
(The noises stop.)
STONE: Ah, listen. Purring like a pussy cat.
TOWNSEND: You realise that every person on this base will have heard that.
STONE: Hell, I don't care if everyone in England heard it, Vicar. Course, if they heard it in the Kremlin it may well have scared Stalin to death.
BRIGADIER: Nearly scared me to death too.
TOWNSEND: Ah, Minister. With all the timing of a bad penny.
STONE: Sir Jeffery! How are you?
BRIGADIER: Very good, thank you, Doctor Stone. We arrived just as your experiment ended. A success?
TOWNSEND: Yes, well, I think she did it, Sir Jeffery. Of course, whether that's anything to celebrate.
FOSTER: Sir, I think I should leave now.
BRIGADIER: Oh, yes. Very good, Miss Foster. Carry on.
STONE: Welcome to Cardington, Sir Jeffery.
BRIGADIER: Thank you, Doctor Stone. Glad to be here.
(Door opens and closes.)
CHARLEY: This is good. Like some giant chamber organ, all these pipes and tubes and wires. Can't say I care for its tune.
TOWNSEND: And you are?
BRIGADIER: Oh, sorry, this is my driver and aide de camp, Corporal Pollard.
STONE: Welcome to the madhouse, Corporal.

DOCTOR: Control room. control room. Ah, door to control room.
(Opens door.)
DOCTOR: Oh, hello. Boot cupboard. This is rather familiar, I think, Ship. I mean Tardis.
(Closes door. Footsteps, opens another.)
DOCTOR: Oh, hello, somebody's bedroom. That's no good.
(Closes door, moves on to another.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Forest. Hmm, forest. Now that is new. Hello? Anyone there? Spooky. I'd have remembered planting a forest in here. At least I think I would. Oh well. Can anyone hear me? It's just I've lost my way and. What's this? A box. A big metal box. Tall as me, twice as
CAT: The box is mine.
(Conrad Westmaas, aka C'rizz)
DOCTOR: A cat? A talking cat? I am mad then. I knew it. I knew I was. Cat, cat, would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here?
CAT: That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.
DOCTOR: I don't much care, so long as I get somewhere.
CAT: You're sure to do that, if only you walk long enough.
DOCTOR: Very true. Is it just me, or is ten feet long from tip to tail rather large for a cat?
CAT: Perhaps it's not that I'm big, it's just you that's got small.
DOCTOR: Alice in Wonderland, of course! You haven't seen a bottle with a label marked Drink Me anywhere?
CAT: As a matter of fact, I have, Mister?
DOCTOR: Doctor.
CAT: Mister Doctorman, yes. See my box here.
DOCTOR: It's lead, isn't it. (thump) Yes, definitely lead.
CAT: Can you see what's inside? Here, let me give you a leg up. Nice boots, by the way.
DOCTOR: (struggling) Thank you. Ah, I see it. Yes. A bottle, right there at the bottom.
CAT: You'd best fetch it the, hadn't you?
DOCTOR: Argh!
(Crash. Creak of lid shutting.)
DOCTOR: Cat! Cat, let me out of the box. I can't see with the lid on. Cat! Wonderful. Now, let me see. Never does to be without some everlasting

matches.
(Strikes a light.)
DOCTOR: Ah. Cat? Cat, this bottle, it's poison.
CAT [OC]: Cyanide, actually.
DOCTOR: Cyanide? Ow! Ow! Fingers. Oh, Cat, I can't see in here. Now please let me out.
CAT [OC]: Now why should I do that, Mister Doctorman, hmm?
DOCTOR: Oh, because I'll wring your neck if you don't?
CAT [OC]: Not if you're dead, you won't. Have you taken your cyanide yet?
DOCTOR: There's no room to swing a Time Lord in here. It's getting hard to breathe. It's getting really hard to breathe now. I can't hold on much longer. (Gurgle, gasp) That's it, Cat. I'm dead.
CAT [OC]: Are you sure?
DOCTOR: Yep. Hearts have stopped, no pulses, nothing. Open the box if you don't believe me.
CAT [OC]: What kind of cat do you take me for? I'm no common feline. I'm an illustration of the quantum theory of superposition. You wouldn't be talking, not if you were dead.
DOCTOR: I might be. Why not take a look?
CAT [OC]: Dead Doctors don't talk.
DOCTOR: That's true, but what if you're mad?
CAT [OC]: Mad? I'm not mad.
DOCTOR: Can you see me? No? But you can hear my voice, can't you? Hearing voices, terrible sign. I am dead. Absolutely. I promise you. I am dead and you're mad. Open the box and you'll see.
CAT [OC]: Calls me mad. I'm insulted.
DOCTOR: You're the one who's talking to a dead man.
CAT [OC]: And you're the one talking to a cat.
DOCTOR: Good point, well made. I take it back, Cat. You're a very clever pussy. So prove it. Open the box.
CAT [OC]: Absolutely not. That would defeat my whole principle.
DOCTOR: You're mad. Your whole principle is flawed. I admit it, I'm alive, but this is a lead-lined box. I'll be really dead really soon, and then you'll never know if you're mad or not. Ah, Cat, I can't keep going much longer. I, I
(Creak of lid opening. The Doctor gasps the fresh air.)
DOCTOR: Thank you. Thank you, Cat. Trust me, you don't want to be mad. I'm not enjoying it one bit.
CAT: You're not mad, Doctorman. So what have you learned from this little test?
DOCTOR: Er, curiosity killed the Time Lord? All right, all right. In 1935, Erwin Schrödinger first proposed the analogy of Schrödinger's Cat. We take a living cat and a capsule of cyanide and put them both in a thick lead box. Once we've sealed the box, we don't know if the cat is still alive, or if it's been affected by the cyanide and died. Because we don't know if it's dead or alive, the cat is at once both dead and alive. It is only the act of opening the box that causes the cat to be limited to a single possibility.
CAT: Hmm, very good. I suppose you met Schrödinger?
DOCTOR: No. But I did meet his cat. I see, I see! I'm the cat in the box. That's it! Neither dead nor alive, so long as I stay in the Tardis. Ah. Not a very comforting thought. Still, cat. Cat! Cat, don't you fade away. All this appearing and disappearing, I ask you, as if I'm not giddy enough.

(Making a telephone call.)
STONE: Hello? Ah, Deputy Director. Yes, it worked. It worked very well indeed. Well, of course I do. I built it. (laughs) No, he'll come around to our way of thinking. The niece? Yes, that's a possibility. It is difficult to judge how much he really cares for her at all. No, not much. But then I have yet to meet anyone who does. Matthew Townsend is not a particularly nice man.
(Door opens.)
MCDONNELL: Oh, terribly sorry, Doctor Stone. Didn't mean to disturb you.
STONE: Not at all, Captain.

(Door closes.)
STONE: Goodnight, Mother dear. I'll speak to you again. Yes, goodnight.
(Receiver replaced.)
STONE: So, Captain, are you off to join the celebrations?
MCDONNELL: Oh yes, rather. Have you, er, seen Miss Foster?
STONE: Not for some time, no. You think she suspects?
MCDONNELL: I think she suspects everything and everyone. She seemed quite unperturbed by the sudden arrival of the Minister this afternoon.
STONE: Really. How interesting. Captain, I think it is your duty to find out the truth about Miss Foster. Take her out for dinner.
MCDONNELL: Well, if you're sure you don't mind?
STONE: Of course not, Neil. Have you tried the restaurant I recommended?
MCDONNELL: Not had time yet, old thing, but I will.
STONE: I think for the sake of, what is the phrase? Oh yes, for King and Country, you really should do your bit.
MCDONNELL: I see. If you're sure?
STONE: Very sure. Now, you sort Foster out. I'm going to keep an eye on our new arrivals.

MARY: Tea, Uncle?
(Caroline Morris, aka Erimem. They are in a canteen with a buzz of voices in the background. The NAAFI possibly.)
TOWNSEND: Thank you, Mary. Now, Minister, do you understand my role here?
BRIGADIER: Spiritual guidance?
TOWNSEND: Moral guidance, actually. There's a difference. Trouble with the military is that since the war they think they're untouchable.
STONE: I keep telling the Vicar that I'm not military, Sir Jeffery, for all the good it does.
TOWNSEND: You're still taking their money, Doctor Stone. Still utilising their equipment. Coercing me in to helping you.
STONE: I didn't notice it took much coercing, actually, Matthew. You see, Sir Jeffery, under that smock beats the heart of a man of science.
TOWNSEND: I'm a man of God, Doctor Stone, albeit one with an open mind. After the events of the last decade you'll be surprised how many men of the cloth have closed theirs.
BRIGADIER: Well, quite.
TOWNSEND: You see, Sir Jeffery, we lost so much. So many young lives it caused much questioning of faith. I mean, if God exists, if God loves us, why does he let us kill one another. It was a question that came up many times at the Synod last year.
CHARLEY: And where do you fit into that?
TOWNSEND: My faith is still strong, Corporal, but I like to take an interest in the modern world. God isn't all hymns and long Bible passages, you know. It's about living, about smelling the flowers, enjoying friendships. It's about seeing beyond the here and now and embracing all that is positive in life whilst helping others do deal with the negatives.
MARY: Don't be put off by Uncle Matthew. He's a bit preachy, but underneath it all he's all right.
CHARLEY: Right. You must be Mary Elson, then.
MARY: That's right. Tea?
CHARLEY: Thank you.
MARY: It's the war.
CHARLEY: What war?
MARY: Sorry?
CHARLEY: Obviously, I mean, yes, of course, *the* war. Sorry. I mean, what is it about the war that has made him a bit preachy?
MARY: Well, you lot, really.
CHARLEY: Us lot? Oh. Oh! The Ministry. Right. Why?
MARY: Well, your boss, Sir Jeffery Lawrence, has been hounding Doctor Stone for months, ever since she made her discovery.

CHARLEY: Discovery? Oh yes, of course. Tell me, did the Doctor ever explain to you what exactly her discovery was?
MARY: It's. Not really, She calls it the Dionysus Project.
BRIGADIER: Yes, we know that.
MARY: Oh, Sir Jeffery! You gave me such a start.
CHARLEY: Yes, me too.
TOWNSEND: The Minister and I were just discussing their next wave of funding, Mary. I'm afraid the government have decided to keep Doctor Stone's work going, which means we have to stay here a few months longer,
MARY: I don't mind, Uncle.
TOWNSEND: I'm glad one of us doesn't.
CHARLEY: You want to leave, Vicar?
TOWNSEND: You ask a lot of questions for a lowly Corporal, Pollard.
CHARLEY: Best way to get answers. The Minister encourages it.
TOWNSEND: Does he really? Why am I not surprised.
BRIGADIER: Of course, Reverend, that device in the lab could stop the Commies taking over, avoid a Cold War that could last oh, decades.
TOWNSEND: Depends how it's used really.
CHARLEY: How does it work?
STONE: I should have thought that were it essential to your ability to do your job, Corporal, you would already have that information at your fingertips.
BRIGADIER: Your device, Doctor Stone, seems to work.
TOWNSEND: Yes, it did this afternoon, and now I am really quite worried.
MARY: Why, Uncle?
TOWNSEND: Because, dear Mary, I fear Doctor Stone is making a deal with the devil. Figuratively, obviously.
BRIGADIER: Poppycock, Vicar. The work here's of paramount importance to peace, surely?
TOWNSEND: With all due respect, Minister, that's nonsense and you know it. When I was asked to partake in these researches there was never any application for war. Then you came along, you and Churchill's henchmen, and forced Doctor Stone to diverge.
CHARLEY: Diverge?
TOWNSEND: Once I met a man called Avery, who I believe is destined for a great future. Together we discussed the discoveries of Miescher and suchlike, but slowly.
STONE: The Reverend thinks the science of genetics is an affront to God.
TOWNSEND: What I think, Doctor Stone, is that you are required to take science forward step by step.
STONE: Required by whom, exactly?
TOWNSEND: By society. By morality. By God.
STONE: This would be the same God who created the dinosaurs and then let them fade out because they weren't fit to survive. Or are the researches of Darwin the devil's work too?
TOWNSEND: Just because I am a priest, Doctor, doesn't automatically make me a Creationist. Or an idiot, which your tone suggests.
STONE: Hmph.
CHARLEY: Then why are you here, helping with her, her thing?
TOWNSEND: I am fascinated by the fact that however you deconstruct and reconstruct, the basics of human science are the same. Why have we evolved with two arms, two legs, two lungs, two kidneys, two eyes, two ears? Why do all mammals have the same basic construction? One heart, one brain, one liver. Why are we all the same? Is it as Darwin surmised because we have all evolved from the same amoeba? If so, why do spiders have eight legs, flies a multitude of eyes? Why did his precious dinosaurs have two brains? I am stronger, more resilient than a spider. I have outlived the dinosaurs. Why?
CHARLEY: Well, I, I don't know. But then I didn't know dinosaurs had two brains.
TOWNSEND: I wanted to find out. I had to know. So when I heard that Doctor Stone's researches were leading her towards the secrets of the universe
CHARLEY: What?

STONE: That's taking it a bit far, Matthew.
TOWNSEND: I'd have been here a lot sooner but I had things to take care of, things that got in the way like, well, anyway.
MARY: Like, like me?
STONE: Reverend!
MARY: I'm sorry, Uncle. I didn't realise I was in the way.
TOWNSEND: It's not your fault, Mary. If my stupid brother hadn't insisted on going for late night drives in that car of his.
MARY: But Father was
TOWNSEND: But it was just a small hindrance and I still got posted here shortly after.
CHARLEY: I should have thought a grieving niece more important than any work, Reverend. The government's or God's.
TOWNSEND: You don't understand, do you. Stone had her project green-lit. Dionysus. With this I can reach out into the stars to find the answers to the questions that plague me as a man of God and a man of Humanity.
BRIGADIER: What?
TOWNSEND: I believe the answers are out there. The answers to why we are the way we are. To who we are.
MARY: I don't understand.
TOWNSEND: Ezekiel.
CHARLEY: Sorry?
TOWNSEND: The Prophet. Claimed he was visited by angels on chariots. But what if they were aliens from out there somewhere? Mankind might have started on another planet. They may have seeded this and countless other worlds.
BRIGADIER: Why would they do that?
TOWNSEND: It's a plan, I believe. They want to see who survives, who drops away. Darwin's theories but magnified to unthinkable lengths.
BRIGADIER: But where does God fit into all of this?
MARY: No. More importantly, where do *I* fit into all this?
TOWNSEND: I'm sorry, Mary, but I don't see why
MARY: No. No, you don't. Which is just my point.
TOWNSEND: Oh, young girls.
CHARLEY: Mary. Mary, come here.
MARY: No! No!
CHARLEY: Oh. I'll go after her.
TOWNSEND: I knew she'd never understand.
CHARLEY: You hoped she would?
TOWNSEND: My work, the Dionysus Project, it will answer almost every question the universe has to offer.
STONE: And the military application of the Dionysus Project has, of course, even more potential.
CHARLEY: Military?
STONE: Oh, yes. Early this evening, we tore a slight hole in, in something. Whatever it was, you heard and felt the effects. For a brief moment we saw the air split apart.
TOWNSEND: Behind it there was something. Something wonderful.
STONE: Aim that at Moscow, activate the beam and, well, no more Cold War.

(Crickets chirping, owls hooting.)
DOCTOR: Cat? Cat? Here, kitty, kitty.
CAT: Oh, how original.
DOCTOR: Are you my new guide?
CAT: I'm sure I don't know what you mean.
DOCTOR: You're an image created by my Tardis, yes? Brought about because I'm carrying this book. The only book in the library with any words in it. A book that gradually allowed me to see three words which I couldn't before, until my mind had been temporarily cleared by that big glowing ball of light.
CAT: Oh, that.
DOCTOR: Yes. I understand two of those words, but divergence. That must

have a significance lost on me.
CAT: Comes from the verb diverge.
DOCTOR: Oh, how original.
CAT: Touché.
DOCTOR: Somewhere at the back of my mind, or at the back of Zagreus's mind, as I'm not sure which of us is thinking at the moment, it means something.
CAT: You remember that noise earlier?
DOCTOR: Big scary bang, yes. What was it?
CAT: An echo. Of the past and the future. An echo so powerful it might as well be from the present. Something is coming, Doctor, and neither you nor Zagreus, individually or combined, can halt it. But please, don't let that stop you trying.

CHARLEY: Mary? Mary, where are you?
MARY: Here.
CHARLEY: Oh, bless you. I'm, I'm sorry you had to go through that.
MARY: I thought he loved me.
CHARLEY: I'm sure he does. He's probably just a bit excited. I doubt he meant what he said.
MARY: Nonsense! You heard him. I'm in the way. The poor little orphan no one wants around. Oh, why do I let him get under my skin! I should be used to him by now.
CHARLEY: Why don't you go for a rest, a lie down, and we can talk about it tomorrow.
MARY: No, I don't want to. Look!
CHARLEY: Captain McDonnell!
MCDONNELL: Corporal, you have to tell. Have to tell.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on. Back to the mess hall. You'll be all right.
MCDONNELL: It's important.
CHARLEY: Of course it is, but so is seeing to that wound. Come on.

STONE: So you see, Minister. If we can use the potential of the Dionysus weapon
TOWNSEND: It's not a weapon. It must only be used for research.
STONE: Oh, grow up, Matthew. It's been paid for with Ministry of Defence money, it's built out of Ministry of Defence materials, and it's sited on Ministry of Defence property!
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, quickly. This man's been shot.
STONE: Neil! Damn.
TOWNSEND: I've got more important things to worry about than him.
MCDONNELL: Oh, thanks.
MARY: Uncle, please.
TOWNSEND: Shut up, all of you. Can't any of you see what is going on here? You have the greatest gift science has ever given mankind and tonight it worked. And Stone just wants it for her precious war.
STONE: The war paid for it.
TOWNSEND: Science to you is just another word for war, woman. To me, to God, science is about life. His life. My work. None of you matter! None of you!

(Door opens and closes. Footsteps. Clang of metal, rustle of papers.)
BRIGADIER: I thought you'd show yourself eventually.
FOSTER: Minister, what are you? Oh, what's the use.
BRIGADIER: It should have been so obvious to the Ministry, but of course they always overlook the obvious.
FOSTER: Are you going to arrest me?
BRIGADIER: My dear Miss Foster, I'm not sure if I can. I doubt you're with the Russians. The Ministry would have spotted that. So who? Castro? Helping him overthrow Batista?
FOSTER: Damn you, Minister.

BRIGADIER: Still, what you do, who you really work for, it's none of my business. I'm not really here. I'm just an observer, watching to see if history is going to be made here tonight. And if not, try to find out why.
FOSTER: I don't understand.
BRIGADIER: You will, very shortly. Was your mission to record as much information of Dionysus as possible, or destroy it?
FOSTER: Both. The Cubans can reconstruct it from my notes. I've made many over the last few months whilst pretending to seek out the traitor. All I have to do now is see how it's operated.
BRIGADIER: And that?
FOSTER: It will go off in ten minutes. Enough time for me to be well away.
BRIGADIER: Things have a habit, young lady, of not working out quite as you intend them to. For instance.
(Door opens.)
TOWNSEND: I will prove to you all tonight. We shall find the truth. We shall meet the creator of the universe.
CHARLEY: God? You want to meet God? I think he's a bit too busy to deal with the likes of you.
TOWNSEND: God? One small little deity? No, girl. I'm going to meet the actual creators.
STONE: I'm not sure the machine has cooled down, Matthew.
MARY: Uncle, what about Captain McDonnell?
MCDONNELL: I'm all right. I just. You!
FOSTER: Hello, Captain. Sorry I didn't kill you properly earlier.
MARY: Miss Foster?
STONE: What on Earth are you
(Gun cocked.)
MCDONNELL: I came to warn you all. She's the spy.
CHARLEY: I think we got that, Captain.
FOSTER: These controls here, what do they do?
TOWNSEND: We're not telling you. And if you shoot me or Doctor Stone, you'll never know.
FOSTER: I'm not going to shoot you, Reverend. I'm ordering you to activate the Project.
STONE: No way.
TOWNSEND: Why not, Miss Stone? Our work here goes beyond petty nationalism.
STONE: Because I don't do things for you or anyone when I'm being threatened by a gun.
FOSTER: Silence! All of you! Doctor Stone, it's very simple. Help the Reverend or I'll start killing the unimportant people in this room, starting with your dearly beloved Neil McDonnell here.
MCDONNELL: Thanks.
FOSTER: And then the Vicar's niece.
MARY: But I've got nothing
FOSTER: Now, activate the machine!
TOWNSEND: Raise Omega wave emitters.
STONE: Raising.
TOWNSEND: Raising epsilon wave emitters.
STONE: Beta wave emitters raising.
TOWNSEND: Stand by, Miss Foster. I implore you, don't hurry what we do here today. This is so important and
FOSTER: Keep going or I shoot your niece.
MARY: Uncle, please.
CHARLEY: Reverend, listen.
FOSTER: I'm warning you.
(Gunshot!)
MCDONNELL: Got you, traitor.
MARY: Oh, no.
CHARLEY: There, there, Mary.

STONE: Well done, Neil. Now, Reverend, begin the shut down programme.
TOWNSEND: Activating alpha wave emitters now.
MARY: What's happening?
STONE: Matthew Townsend, what the hell are you doing? We have to shut down, now!
(Rumble.)
STONE: Something, something's wrong. Readings off the scale, we said earlier.
TOWNSEND: This is the moment of truth!
CHARLEY: Brigadier, what should we do? Brigadier? Where are you?
MARY: Corporal Pollard, I'm scared.
MCDONNELL: I think we should get out, ladies. Corporal, get Mary away from here.
CHARLEY: No, I can't.
MCDONNELL: That was an order.
CHARLEY: You don't understand. I have to know what's going to happen. That's why I'm here, to see this.

DOCTOR: And so the question is, am I the Doctor who thinks I might be Zagreus, or, am I Zagreus thinking he's the Doctor?
CAT: Or, are you neither? Bearing in mind one should be dead and the other never truly existed.
DOCTOR: And yet I'm here, and therefore I think.
(Explosion!)
DOCTOR: Gah! Argh! What is that? It's too much!
CAT: So Zagreus sits at the end of the world, for Zagreus *is* the end of the world, and all of Time's a-weeping.

(Mayhem.)
MARY: Uncle, please listen to me. This is scaring me.
TOWNSEND: I have to know.
MARY: I love you.
TOWNSEND: I. What?
MARY: I love you. You're my Uncle and you are my world. Please don't let me be hurt by this machine.
STONE: We have to stop now, Matthew. We don't know how powerful this is.
(Explosion.)
CHARLEY: Captain McDonnell, get Mary away from here.
MCDONNELL: I told you to do that, Corporal. Oh, never mind. Come on, Mary.
MARY: No. Uncle!
CHARLEY: Reverend, Doctor Stone, get away from there!
TOWNSEND: It's, it's beautiful. I can see all of creation tearing through into our reality.
STONE: A gash in space and time. Oh, too much power!
CHARLEY: What's that now?
(Sounds of crackling energy.)
TOWNSEND: The creators. It must be.
STONE: Everyone, get out!
MCDONNELL: Mary, take my hand.
MARY: I can't, can't reach.
CHARLEY: Brigadier, where are you?
STONE: Too much power. Can't cut it off! (screams)
TOWNSEND: Stone! Dear God. Mary! Mary, what have I done?
MARY: I don't know.
TOWNSEND: Get out! All of you get out!
MCDONNELL: Corporal Pollard, look, what's that?
CHARLEY: What?
MCDONNELL: Over there. Hell's bells, it's an explosive.
CHARLEY: Foster's bomb?
MCDONNELL: Most likely. I'll try to deactivate it.
CHARLEY: Why bother? I mean, it might be just what we need.

MCDONNELL: I'd just like to try and stay alive if I can.
MARY: Look, there! I can see something through the tear.
TOWNSEND: Mary, get out of here.
MARY: Uncle! (screams.)
TOWNSEND: No! It can't be like this!
CHARLEY: It is, Townsend. Look what you've done!
TOWNSEND: McDonnell, Pollard, I need your help. McDonnell?
CHARLEY: He was sucked in seconds ago. It's just you and me versus them.
TOWNSEND: What are they?
CHARLEY: I don't know, but unless you can stop your machine, they're coming through.
(Sudden silence.)
TOWNSEND: I don't understand.
CHARLEY: Damn! The bomb!
TOWNSEND: Where are the creators, or whatever they were? And where are Mary and the others? What's going on?
(The rip reopens with a scream.)
TOWNSEND: Go away! Go away! Leave me alone! Go away!
(KaBOOM!)

[Part Two - Heartland]

(Footsteps.)
GREAT MOTHER: Halt, Cassandra. This is the place.
(Maggie Stables, aka Evelyn Smythe.)
CASSANDRA: Great Mother, it is the time of Chaos. Rassilon has detonated his star. Omega has given the Gallifreyans the secrets of the past and the future. Soon we will
(Bonnie Langford, aka Mel.)
GREAT MOTHER: Yes, thank you, Cassandra. You have rather gone on and on and on a bit about it for the last few days.
CASSANDRA: Great Mother, the world needs to know.
GREAT MOTHER: Cassandra, appreciative as I am of your dedication, I'm getting a little bit tired of your proclamations in my ear every few hours. I'm not deaf, but will be if you keep on and on.
CASSANDRA: Great Mother admonishes me. I shall see solitude in the Gardens of Humility and
GREAT MOTHER: Oh, do belt up, Cassandra. You're not going anywhere. You're just going to stay here with your Great Mother, but quietly.
CASSANDRA: But Great Mother, I
GREAT MOTHER: Are you not sworn to uphold my words?
CASSANDRA: Yes, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Are you not sworn to dedicate your lives to upholding my commands?
CASSANDRA: Yes, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: And are you not sworn to protect my interests?
CASSANDRA: Yes, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Terrific. It's my word, my command, and in my interest that just for now you *shut up*! Understood?
CASSANDRA: Yes, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Good. We understand one another. He's late. I wonder where he is?
CASSANDRA: Perhaps he has betrayed us.
GREAT MOTHER: Cassandra, have you ever heard the phrase silence is golden?
CASSANDRA: No, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Hmm. How did I guess. Oh, come on, come on, we're at the designated meeting point. Oh, before you shut up, Cassandra, what time is it?
CASSANDRA: Six microspans since sundown.
GREAT MOTHER: The shibugans cluster round here after dark. I wish he'd

hurry up.
TEPESH: Wishing time away, Great Mother?
(Colin Baker, dripping oil with every syllable.)
GREAT MOTHER: Oh, please don't do that, Provost. It's very disconcerting.
TEPESH: I apologise, Great Mother. May I introduce my companion?
GREAT MOTHER: Indeed.
TEPESH: The Lady Ouida, my fellow poet, gambler, concomitant and confidante. Oh, and she's also my food taster.
OUIDA: Great Mother.
(Nicola Bryant, again, but with her slight American twang back.)
TEPESH: So, here we are, dear ladies all together. How delightful.
GREAT MOTHER: Why did you choose here, Tepesh?
TEPESH: Look around you, my little henaphidian. What do you see?
GREAT MOTHER: Not much.
TEPESH: Precisely. Ouida?
OUIDA: My Lord Provost. As you know, Great Mother, Rassilon now controls this planet and its people. The hierarchy are referring to themselves as Time Lords.
GREAT MOTHER: Omega's sacrifice seems to have paid high dividends for Rassilon.
OUIDA: Indeed. One might almost believe that Rassilon knew the Eurydice would be lost. One might almost wonder if he planned it.
CASSANDRA: It is know that politically Rassilon and Omega were opposed.
GREAT MOTHER: Oh. Provost Tepesh, may I present my verbose High Priestess Cassandra.
TEPESH: Delighted, my dear. From the House of Jade Dreamers, I believe?
CASSANDRA: Indeed, Provost. I am flattered that you know my humble House.
TEPESH: Oh, I make it my business to know all the Houses, Chapters and other ephemera of Rassilon's brave new world. We are, as he says so very often, at the dawn of a new era. And it's our destiny to make sure he never makes it to lunch time. Oh, your skin is like silk. Pure, unblemished, and gentle to the touch. Delightful.

(Electronic whooshes.)
CHARLEY: Oh, Townsend. Reverend!
BRIGADIER: Gone, I'm afraid, Miss Pollard. They're all gone.
CHARLEY: Back in the Tardis control room. Look!
BRIGADIER: At what?
CHARLEY: The door to the rest of the Tardis.
BRIGADIER: What of it?
CHARLEY: It's gone! This room is sealed.
BRIGADIER: Except for the doors to the outside.
CHARLEY: We've landed. I can tell we're not in flight.
BRIGADIER: How? Nothing in here appears to be working.
CHARLEY: I've been travelling for, well, for a long time now, and I know when we're in flight, and we're not now.
BRIGADIER: Perhaps you should try the door controls. See if you can get out.
CHARLEY: Why can't you?
BRIGADIER: I'm insubstantial, Miss Pollard. I can't really touch anything. And as a hologram, I cannot leave the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Perhaps I should investigate.
BRIGADIER: Of course, as I said, none of the controls are working.
CHARLEY: So I don't know what the atmosphere is like out there. It could kill me.
BRIGADIER: If I could pop out and check for you, believe me, I would.
CHARLEY: Thank you, I'm sure. So what happened back in the laboratory? And where were you?
BRIGADIER: I was unable to contribute anything worthwhile, so I left the scenario and observed you from the safety of here. When it seemed you needed to leave, I brought you out.

CHARLEY: And the others?
BRIGADIER: They were holograms, Miss Pollard. Representations. Not the real thing. Given face and voice by, it seems, my own memories.
CHARLEY: They were real once, though, weren't they?
BRIGADIER: Oh yes, once. The real Minister and his driver died alongside them. There were no survivors. The British Government bulldozed what was left of Cardington barracks shortly afterwards, and there was never any explanation about the fate of the personnel based there. But we know, don't we?
CHARLEY: We do?
BRIGADIER: Oh, yes. They were looking for something beyond time and space. They found that something. And that something came and got them.
CHARLEY: And that something was?
BRIGADIER: I think that's what we need to find out before we can help the Doctor. Shall we see the next simulation and learn some more facts?
CHARLEY: More facts? I wasn't aware we'd found out anything yet, other than the fact that Townsend was obsessed with why the dominant species in the universe is basically humanoid.
BRIGADIER: And we know that whatever answers he found are awake and interested in finding out about us.

GREAT MOTHER: Why here, Provost? It's not exactly Gallifrey's most beautiful tourist attraction. Hardly fitting for the Prime of the Arcalian Chapterhouses.
OUIDA: It was not our choice, Great Mother. Rassilon has brought us here.
GREAT MOTHER: Indeed. And how has he done this?
OUIDA: Great Mother, I'm not sure how much you and your Sisterhood get to travel in aircars.
CASSANDRA: Not at all. Science is against the ways of
TEPESH: Dear sweet Cassandra, dear, dear girl, that's all just pish and tosh. Science is what your Sisterhood is all about. Your magics, your telepathy, your Sacred Flames and Elixirs of Youth. It's all science. You've just chosen to bury beneath pagan symbolism and artificial superstition.
GREAT MOTHER: The Provost speaks the truth.
TEPESH: Of course I do. Now, Ouida, what were you saying?
OUIDA: From the air, we appear to be in a vast expanse of scrubland. Nothing is here. Nothing to draw the eye. How much better for one as devious as Rassilon to hide his lair in plain sight. Observe.
(Electronic wibble. Gasps from the Great Mother and Cassandra.)
GREAT MOTHER: By the Sacred Flame, is this what I think it is, Tepesh?
TEPESH: Indeed, Great Mother. Using his new-found master of Time, he keeps it a few seconds ahead of our time. Until now, thanks to Ouida's methods of persuasion with one of Rassilon's assistants. This is Rassilon's workshop. This is the famous Foundry, where everything he creates is housed, far away from prying eyes and ears. Ourselves excepted, naturally.
OUIDA: And we are here to learn his secrets.
TEPESH: To use them against him.
OUIDA: To ensure our survival.
GREAT MOTHER: And what if Rassilon disturbs us?
TEPESH: Oh, we left Rassilon scant moments before, back in the Capitol. It's impossible for him to get here without our seeing him.
CASSANDRA: And you arrived without us seeing you. How?
GREAT MOTHER: Indeed.
OUIDA: And that is our secret.
GREAT MOTHER: And you need me because?
TEPESH: Because, my dear old woman, you hold the key to getting into the Foundry, to finding the weakness in Rassilon's political aspirations, and bring him to his knees, metaphorically and, one hopes, literally.

(Electronic whoosh!)
CHARLEY: Gosh, it's big.
BRIGADIER: Yes.

CHARLEY: Can you feel that slight vibration? Machinery?
BRIGADIER: Possibly.
CHARLEY: We're underground.
BRIGADIER: How can you tell?
CHARLEY: Just a feeling. The air, the temperature, a slight claustrophobic tingle.
BRIGADIER: The Doctor would be proud that your instincts have been sharpened during your travels.
CHARLEY: If the Doctor still exists.
BRIGADIER: One should never give up hope, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Even while he's infected with this anti-time virus, or whatever it is, imagining himself to be Zagreus?
BRIGADIER: I'm not sure he's imagining it, Miss Pollard. To all intents and purposes, he *is* Zagreus. He always will be. For as long as there is Time, there will now be anti-time. Each balancing each other.
CHARLEY: Would it be, would it be possible for someone else to take it on?
BRIGADIER: I'm not sure I understand.
CHARLEY: Well, if the Doctor and the Tardis can absorb anti-time, why can't I?
BRIGADIER: Overlooking the fact that I've no idea how, why would you do something so foolish?
CHARLEY: Because it doesn't seem fair that the Doctor, a man with so much to offer the universe, has this burden, when I, who shouldn't even be here, haven't. I mean, the universe needs the Doctor. It doesn't really need Charlotte Elspeth Pollard, does it. I could take on the responsibility.
BRIGADIER: And then what?
CHARLEY: It means the Doctor would be free to find a cure.
BRIGADIER: There is no cure, as you call it. The change is permanent.
CHARLEY: But we're going to be able to help the Doctor, aren't we? I mean, cure him.
BRIGADIER: Whatever gives you that idea?
CHARLEY: But isn't that the point of all these hologram things? To show us an answer, a way to help him?
BRIGADIER: Great heavens, no. The Doctor is Zagreus, now and for ever. An insane despot, always looking for ways to destroy reality. He has to remain trapped within his Tardis for a few millennia until he dies, and even then, who could be sure he *will* die? Zagreus might keep him alive for eternity.
CHARLEY: You mean, this is it? The Doctor is, to all intents and purposes, gone?
BRIGADIER: You should be more concerned about yourself, my dear. I can't keep Zagreus from destroying you forever. And you are as trapped in here as he is.
CHARLEY: Ah, but Rassilon put both me and the Doctor inside the Tardis. He must have had a reason to do that, surely.
BRIGADIER: I wonder what?

(Thump, thump, cracking of wood.)
DOCTOR: Timber!
CAT: Oh, very good. And you're cutting my forest down because?
DOCTOR: Something to do.
(Crash of large tree.)
CAT: If you need something to do, could you do something less noisy and destructive?
DOCTOR: I feel destructive. It's the Zagreus part of me. Obviously, it doesn't like trees.
CAT: Hmm.
DOCTOR: Or cats.
CAT: Ah. I see. Carry on the tree chopping. May I ask a question?
DOCTOR: If you must, but please note I'm rather busy counting blades of grass.
CAT: How did you cut the trees down?
DOCTOR: With an axe.

CAT: What axe?
DOCTOR: This. Oh. No axe.
CAT: Indeed. No axe. So what did you use?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I just imagined myself cutting down trees. I was bored.
CAT: What does that tell you?
DOCTOR: That your trees are easily cut down.
CAT: Yes, all right, but more important than that.
DOCTOR: That I can do things like that just by thinking about it.
CAT: Precisely. You're using your mind. It's creating these dreamscapes for you.
DOCTOR: And you?
CAT: Oh, yes. I don't exist at all. None of this does. But you need to concentrate harder. Cut down more metaphorical trees so you can see what you need to see.
DOCTOR: Need? Need to? What do I need to see? Why are you and Zagreus and my past self all giving me these hints and concepts and ideas and no answers?
CAT: Because there can be no pure answers. The infection is too great for that.
DOCTOR: Let me tell you what I think I think that you and my past self and that copy of Alice are all aspects of my Tardis. The old girl is trying to tell me something but cannot do it directly.
CAT: Why not?
DOCTOR: Because, because you don't want anyone else to hear. Something to do with something called the Divergence. I'm getting minute clues but nothing concrete. Why?
CAT: Why, indeed?
DOCTOR: Oh, shut up. Shut up! All right, so something is going on within the Tardis. There's a room of pure Time, that glowing ball of energy, that's home, if you like. Every so often I can head there for a top-up of anti-Zagreus energy to keep me thinking clearly. The library showed me that. You, Cat, you made me think about this place being a box. Somewhere I have to stay within. Let's say, let's say I trust you. I need to stay here. Fine. But staying here means I can't help Charley. If I go looking for her, Zagreus will take control again. Therefore this forest, which you are encouraging me to cut down, is again my safety, my glowing ball of energy. I never left it, did I, otherwise Zagreus would be ranting and raving. But you needed me to think I did, or indeed someone else to think I did. Who else is there, hmm? Cat, who else is aboard my Tardis? Who wants me to lose control to anti-time? Cat? Forest gone. Cat gone. Back here with my glowing ball of fun whose real purpose and power I know absolutely zero and. Zero? Zero. Of course! Clever Tardis. Someone else is here. Someone who can hear me, I imagine. Someone who wants me to keep out of the way, while they do whatever they are doing. Oh, no, of course! How stupid am I! I'm here, trapped here inside my Tardis, where both of us absorb the anti-time. And if I'm split into two personalities, Doctor and Zagreus, then. No, no, no, no. no, no, no. Oh, Charley, you're in trouble, and there's nothing I can do without leaving here and making things worse!

CHARLEY: Brigadier, look at this.
BRIGADIER: What is it?
CHARLEY: Hieroglyphics of some sort.
BRIGADIER: Old High Gallifreyan. Not spoken for millennia.
CHARLEY: Oh. I wonder what it says?
GREAT MOTHER: It says, Visitors Not Welcome. Trespassers Will Face Oblivisance.
CHARLEY: Oh, hello. I'm
GREAT MOTHER: We know who you are. How did you get here before us?
OUIDA: This is not possible.
GREAT MOTHER: You, my Lord Provost, assured me that *he* was not going to be here. I should wonder if we've been betrayed.
CHARLEY: Ahem. Hello? Can I help you?
TEPESH: Cardinal Rassilon, your Foundry is an amazing building.

GREAT MOTHER: Which was bizarrely easy to enter into, for someone who speaks the ancient language.
CHARLEY: I see. Such as you?
GREAT MOTHER: Of course.
OUIDA: When we left you before, we had no idea you would be returning to your work so quickly. You intimated you required rest.
TEPESH: And as the officially appointed Committee of Three, we decided to guard your Foundry against any miscreants.
CHARLEY: I see. Good. Thank you. Very much. Yes, er. But if you're the Committee of Three, why are there just two of you?
OUIDA: Arata is, ahem, dining elsewhere this evening.
TEPESH: Are you all right, Rassilon? You seem confused.
CHARLEY: Just by your being here. Very confusing, isn't it, Brigadier? Brigadier? Oh, not again.
GREAT MOTHER: Tepesh, I think we should leave.
TEPESH: Leave, Great Mother? This man destroyed your heritage, outlawed your religion, ridiculed your magic
CASSANDRA: Just as you did earlier, Provost.
TEPESH: Ouida, what is your role within the Committee of Three?
OUIDA: I am your personal food taster, Lord Provost.
TEPESH: I smell dinner.
GREAT MOTHER: Dinner? By the Ancients, no! Cassandra, we must flee.
OUIDA: Oh, I don't think so, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Without me, Tepesh, you'll never leave the Foundry. You need me to open the secret entrance, to read the High Gallifreyan scriptures.
TEPESH: Correct, Great Mother, but I don't need Cassandra.
CHARLEY: What's going on?
CASSANDRA: Great Mother, help!
GREAT MOTHER: Rassilon, save her. Save my Cassandra.
TEPESH: Ouida.
(Biting then a licking of lips.)
OUIDA: Vintage Jade Dreamer, my Lord. Would you like a taste?
TEPESH: Not now, my friend. I lack hunger.
GREAT MOTHER: No.
TEPESH: One more word from you, you old fraud, and I'll rip out your throat and take my chances on the door.
CHARLEY: What, what *are* you? I don't understand. Are you real?
GREAT MOTHER: The Ancient Enemy.

(Sizzling of time energy.)
DOCTOR: Zagreus sits inside your head, Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed, and eats you when you're sleeping. Zagreus at the End of Days, Zagreus lies all other ways. Zagreus comes when Time's a maze, and all of history's weeping. Come on, Doctor. What's the next verse? Come on, there has to be a clue. Come on, think. Zagreus. Yes, Zagreus, Zagreus taking time apart. Zagreus fears the hero heart. Zagreus seeks the final part, the reward that he is reaping. Zagreus sings when all is lost. Zagreus takes, ah, something or other. Zagreus wins and all is cost, the hero's hearts he's keeping. Zagreus seeks the hero's ship. Zagreus needs the Web to rip. Zagreus sups Time at a drip, cos bit by bit it's leaking. No, I'm sure we made that last line up at school. But that's not the point. It's my Tardis. Zagreus needs the Tardis. The Cat wanted me to stay inside, not to keep me safe, but to keep it, the ship, complete. If a Tardis is infected with anti-time, it could infect the entire universe, back and forth. You silly, stupid, self-absorbed, egotistical Doctor. Zagreus isn't just you, it's also the Tardis! Saviltride. E V I L Tardis. I've got to fight my own ship.
(The Cloister Bell tolls.)
DOCTOR: Now what?

GREAT MOTHER: What have you done, creature?
OUIDA: Snacked, old woman. Deal with it.
TEPESH: Rassilon, we came here looking for answers. You sent your Bow Ships into space. You hunted and slaughtered our kind, made us virtually extinct. The Committee of Three would know why.
CHARLEY: I'm, I mean, you see
OUIDA: Are you scared of us, hero? Is the mighty Rassilon frightened? Good. You have reason to be.
CHARLEY: I don't know what you mean.
TEPESH: Open up your chamber of secrets.
CHARLEY: Seriously, Tepesh, I can't. I don't know how. You see, despite how I appear to you, I'm not
(Grating of a big door opening.)
CHARLEY: Oh. On the other hand.
TEPESH: The truth at last.
(Sounds of bubbling liquid.)
OUIDA: Show us, Rassilon.
(Walking.)
CHARLEY: If you think you are more, more powerful that I, the great all-powerful Time Lord Rassilon, you operate the computers and those things with flashing lights, and that big vat of smelly goo. I, the great Rassilon, will help you not.
GREAT MOTHER: (sotto) Rassilon, I know we share neither friendship nor respect for one another, but for the sake of Gallifrey we must leave. Trap the Vampire Lords in here. Can your science destroy this building?
CHARLEY: I haven't a clue. Listen, why can't your friend just, what's it called, regenerate?
GREAT MOTHER: Regenerate? What does that mean?
CHARLEY: New bodies from old. New face, thirteen lives?
GREAT MOTHER: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Oh heck, never mind.
TEPESH: Rassilon? What foul villainy is this?
CHARLEY: Now what.
TEPESH: I have accessed your records.
CHARLEY: You opened a dirty great book. It's hardly rocket science. Rass, I mean, I clearly leave my notes lying around just for people like you to find.
OUIDA: These Black Scrolls suggest you have been systematically interfering with Gallifreyan physiology.
TEPESH: What is the Rassilon Imprimatur? These symbiotic nuclei?
GREAT MOTHER: Is it anything to do with regeneration?
TEPESH: What?
GREAT MOTHER: Rassilon just mentioned it. Something about life after death.
TEPESH: We are the only life after death that the universe needs.
GREAT MOTHER: You? You've been systematically hunted down over the last thousand years. The Great War saw to that. What is it the storybooks say? Something about the Great Vampire falling before Rassilon.
TEPESH: Enough! I tell you, Rassilon, as a direct descendant of the Great One, a new Great One will arise. I stand before your ready to do battle with you. Have you the courage to face me in single combat?
CHARLEY: Er, no. Not really. Well, probably, but next week, perhaps? I'm a bit hung over. Midnight feasts and all that.
OUIDA: He's babbling, my Lord. May I destroy him now?
RECORDER: I am Recorder Seven. Cardinal Rassilon has entrusted me with the records of his researches. Welcome to the Reality Lock. Do you wish to pass through?
TEPESH: Elsewhere? How vast is this place? Already it seems larger inside than it did outside.
CHARLEY: Oh, I know that one. It's dimensionally transcendental.
OUIDA: What?
CHARLEY: Never mind.
OUIDA: My Lord, look. Plans for rooms and more rooms.

TEPESH: Recorder Seven. Explain the word regeneration.
RECORDER: File Ras/beta epsilon. Cardinal Rassilon has been researching a method of regenerating diseased and decaying tissue. By a series of permanently carried self-replicating biogenic molecules, the cells of a Gallifreyan body can be repaired, restored and reorganised. This will result in a wholly new physical form. The brain cells will similarly be rearranged although to a lesser degree, thus ensuring the new incarnation will replicate the memories and personality of the former incarnation. Cardinal Rassilon intends for this method to only be used upon the Gallifreyan elite. He has also inputted a parameter of twelve regenerative cycles to avoid decaying biogenic molecules.
GREAT MOTHER: This is an abhorrence, Cardinal. A blasphemy.
CHARLEY: Against what? Strikes me as a good idea.
GREAT MOTHER: A blasphemy against the ancient ways. Technology is a path best not taken, Rassilon.
OUIDA: So, he's been systematically adjusting the DNA of the higher Houses, notably the Prydonians and the Patrex.
TEPESH: What of the Arcalians?
CHARLEY: He's, I'm getting around to them. Probably.
TEPESH: Destroy this work, Ouida. Erase it all. Oh, Rassilon, you shall pay for your crimes.
OUIDA: My Lord, might it be a wiser course of action to hear whatever else Recorder Seven has stored within his memory banks?
TEPESH: Sensible and unemotional as ever, dear Ouida. Recorder, continue.
RECORDER: Subject?
CHARLEY: Divergence.
TEPESH: What?
CHARLEY: Thought you might like to hear this one. (sotto) I know I would.
RECORDER: File Ras/delta gamma. Seventy spans have passed since Cardinal Rassilon began investigating alternative realities. Alternative pasts, alternative presents, alternative futures. He discovered that all futures coalesce into one Web of Time alone. Free will is not a possibility. Alternative realities are not a possibility. When this universe was created, it brought into existence a race of creatures.
TEPESH: Go on.
RECORDER: Using the matrices constructed via an amplified panatropic network, Cardinal Rassilon has discovered that this powerful race will consume and eradicate all life within ten thousand millennia.
CHARLEY: What is this race like?
RECORDER: Exact specifics are unavailable. However, Cardinal Rassilon believes Humanian life, the basic physical form examplified by Gallifreyans, to be the only essential form of life. He rationalises that for the universe to continue existing beyond the ten thousand millennia indicated previously, the unnamed creatures should be destroyed. All life not conforming to the Gallifreyan standard should be destroyed. To this end, Cardinal Rassilon researched life on two hundred and seventy eight thousand planets. Of those, sixty nine thousand contained sentient life. To those, Cardinal Rassilon sent, via manipulation of the space time vortex, a self-eradicating set of biogenic molecules with enough power to rearrange the cellular structure of each planet's dominant lifeform, so it would take on Gallifreyan physiology and would continue to evolve along those lines. All other lifeforms will become extinct within six thousand spans.
CHARLEY: That's awful!
TEPESH: That's your plan, you bigot. Do we as vampires conform to your idea of perfection? Are we part of your Galactic Master Race?
CHARLEY: Recorder, continue information. What of the Divergence?
RECORDER: The creatures from the birth of the universe attempted to stop Rassilon, sensing his actions would change the future. In actuality, Rassilon created an alternative time line where there should not be one. He re-ordered the space time vortex via the amplified panatropic network matrices and entombed the creatures within their own, now divergent, universe. He is preparing to completely seal them in by creating a Möbius loop at the start and

end of their existence. However, this divergent universe cannot be entirely sealed off for eternity. Cardinal Rassilon has foreseen that in eighteen thousand six hundred and twenty nine millennia, the divergent universe will reopen at the exact moment of destruction for this universe, freeing the trapped creatures. Rassilon intends to be there to greet them and once again seal them in, giving this universe another lease of life.
GREAT MOTHER: You are meddling, Rassilon, with the natural law of the universe.
CHARLEY: Yes, I rather think he is. And in the 1950s on Earth, a scientist will accidentally find a way to reopen the divergent universe, and give them a momentary glimpse of our universe.
TEPESH: What?
CHARLEY: Oh, it doesn't matter. None of you are real.
TEPESH: Oh!
CHARLEY: But I'm being shown this for a reason. I can see that now. Recorder, where are these Divergents now? Are they sealed into their own universe yet?
RECORDER: Negative. The unsealed end of their universe currently exists within vault kappa theta, further within the Foundry, awaiting Cardinal Rassilon's final computations.
CHARLEY: Which he'll make quite soon, I'm sure. I need to get to the end of the universe to see whether the Divergents break through.
TEPESH: You have to be stopped.
BRIGADIER: Thank you, Miss Pollard. You have given me everything I needed to know.
CHARLEY: Brigadier, you're back! I do wish you'd stop coming and going.
TEPESH: Oh, Arata, you've arrived. Kill Rassilon, there's a good chap. Ouida, we must investigate these Divergents further.
RECORDER: Please note, access to the vault is denied to any but Rassilon.
TEPESH: Wait, Arata. I need him alive.
CHARLEY: I don't think you should try opening this vault.
TEPESH: Come on. You too, Great Mother.
GREAT MOTHER: Why?
TEPESH: Because I'm feeling peckish and might need a nibble. Come, my children. Walk with me into the depths of Rassilon's Foundry. And his depravity.
CHARLEY: I'm still here, you know. I mean, I am Rassilon the Great.
TEPESH: Oh, belt up, you old fraud. You know you really are a fraud, don't you. I mean, you let Omega and Vandikirian go to their deaths, and you get the credit for discovering time travel. Then you capitalise on your hounding to almost extinction my Vampire Lords and the Great Mother's witches.
CHARLEY: Your point?
TEPESH: Oh, no point, Rass, old chap. Rather like all your security systems here, which Ouida overrode just by switching off your forcefield. And dear old snake-eyes back there gained access by just speaking aloud your silly scripts over the doorway. I don't think you are quite as all-powerful and all-clever as you make out.
CHARLEY: Go on.
OUIDA: The Committee of Three has been investigating your work down here.
BRIGADIER: Oh, indeed we have.
TEPESH: Recorder, what powers the Foundry?
RECORDER: I cannot reveal information pertaining to the construction of the Foundry unless ratified by Rassilon.
OUIDA: I think we all know, though. You're using the energies of that black hole up there. Omega's star.
BRIGADIER: I think you'll find, my dear, that the Inner Council have ratified its renaming as Rassilon's star.
TEPESH: And they call me an egoist. Me! Me, the greatest intellect Gallifrey has known.
CHARLEY: You, an egoist? Surely not.
TEPESH: How dare you, you miserable piece of putrescence! How dare you criticise me! I have waited centuries for this. A chance to utterly destroy you,

your reputation and your so-called legend.
(Charley is choking.)
TEPESH: Shut up! You came to our world five hundred years ago, awash with the victory over the Sisterhood, awash with the glory of your new technology, your time travel, your space-warping abilities. Awash with the stench of power. You came, you saw, you destroyed. Your dislike for the unlike taken to new levels of genocidal hysteria. You hunted us down because we dared to be different from you.
CHARLEY: (choking) But vampires drink blood.
TEPESH: We drank the blood of the genetically bred mindless animals we harvested. We never touched sentient life until you came with your Bow Ships and your harpoons and your moralistic purges. You chased my people to the ends of the universe beyond. Why? Because we couldn't fight back. Because like all bullies, you found a race of people content in their lives, doing nothing to harm anyone else in the galaxy, and *you* cleansed us!
OUIDA: We took humanoid form to try and hide from your scouts and assassins, but even then we failed. Even when we tried to look like you, you still hated us.
BRIGADIER: Fascinating.
TEPESH: And now, Rassilon, as a final act of revenge, we are going to expose you as a glory-seeking despot. A man so impotent in true greatness that he scavenges off the achievements of his brothers and leeches off the frailties of the less adept.
OUIDA: Here is where it ends, Cardinal.
TEPESH: Rassilon, give us the entry codes to your vaults!
CHARLEY: Codes?
OUIDA: No matter. The Recorder will tell us.
RECORDER: I cannot reveal information pertaining to access to the Foundry unless ratified by Rassilon.
BRIGADIER: Yes, Rassilon, we need this information. Tell the Recorder to tell us.
CHARLEY: You sure, Brig? (coughs) Oh, whatever. Recorder, I am Rassilon. I command you to tell Tepesh all he needs to know.
TEPESH: What trickery is this?
OUIDA: Lord Provost, why would Rassilon tell us?
RECORDER: Reality lock disengaging.
CHARLEY: Of course! Brigadier, it's the same sound.
(The sound of an angry mob at a distance.)
BRIGADIER: Divergents. At last.
GREAT MOTHER: Lord Tepesh, are you sure?
TEPESH: Recorder, explain what we are seeing?
RECORDER: You requested information about the power that drives this facility. It is the power being drained from the divergent universe.
BRIGADIER: Miss Pollard, Rassilon is important. Tell the Recorder to turn it off.
CHARLEY: Are you mad? The Divergents will get in.
BRIGADIER: Yes, they will be free. They can be studied, exploited perhaps.
CHARLEY: I'm really not sure
BRIGADIER: Do it, you stupid girl. It's the only thing that can save us.
CHARLEY: But I. Oh, botheration. Recorder, turn off the power.
RECORDER: Instruction unclear.
CHARLEY: Stop siphoning off their universe.
RECORDER: Understood.
GREAT MOTHER: You fools. You mad poor fools.
TEPESH: What now?
GREAT MOTHER: You think me a foolish old woman, don't you, my Lord Provost. A technophobic relic of a bygone age. But there's a reason why the Sisterhood shun your science.
OUIDA: Which is?
GREAT MOTHER: It's not *your* science at all. Not yours, not Gallifrey's, and certainly not Rassilon's.
CHARLEY: Then whose?

GREAT MOTHER: Theirs. They're coming to get us.
TEPESH: You tricked us, Rassilon.
CHARLEY: No, I didn't. It was. Where's he gone?
GREAT MOTHER: Who?
CHARLEY: The Brigadier, or Arata, or whatever you called him just now.
RECORDER: Important information. The Foundry's power is built into a feedback induction loop to prevent eventualities such as this. In accordance with Rassilon's commands, this area must be sterilised.
OUIDA: But it was Rassilon who gave that order.
TEPESH: Typical Prydonian treachery. Let's go, Ouida. We must try and. Try and. Oh, what has happened?
GREAT MOTHER: Your vampiric powers of teleportation are useless in here, Tepesh. This is a rank place where technology has replaced any kind of nature. You cannot escape because we are sealed in. There are no air currents for you to ride out on.
TEPESH: No! I do not accept this.
CHARLEY: Brigadier, what have we done?
RECORDER: Sterilisation starting now.
OUIDA: What form does this sterilisation take?
RECORDER: The Divergence is free. The universe is now complete. To avoid them ever entering ours, the Foundry will be Firestormed.
TEPESH: I don't like the sound of that.
CHARLEY: Brigadier, get me out of here!
TEPESH: Rassilon, cease your prattling. This is your fault!
GREAT MOTHER: His fault? Huh. Rassilon is responsible for many ills, Provost, but no, this folly, this quest for revenge was yours. Your ego, your lack of perspective has placed us all here and sentenced us to extinction.
RECORDER: Sterilisation in ten microspans.
OUIDA: Tepesh, what shall we do?
RECORDER: Nine. Eight.
TEPESH: How did Arata get out?
CHARLEY: He's a hologram. He was never here.
TEPESH: What?
CHARLEY: He tricked you. He tricked me. I don't understand.
OUIDA: What's that, there?
TEPESH: A mirror. Where did that come from? Oh well, who wants to live forever anyway?
(KaBOOM!)

(Charley groans. A crackly man's voice can be heard.)
HERON [OC]: Sector three to Command. Sector three to Command. Are you there?
CHARLEY: What? Oh, my head.
HERON [OC]: Sector three to Command. We are under attack. Heavy casualties reported. Can you hear me, Command?
CHARLEY: Where is that coming from? Oh, it's in my ear. Er, hello? Hello?
HERON [OC]: Command, at last. This is Corporal Heron. Where are you?
CHARLEY: Hello? Me? Command? Oh God, Brigadier. What have you got me into now?
HERON [OC]: Command, we are experiencing heavy (silence)
CHARLEY: Hello? Hello? Oh, ow! What's that sticking into my. Ow, that's sharp. And heavy. Oh, hello? It's dark in here. Can anyone hear me? Oh, what's that? Merg. Oh, I see. Emergency exit. Oh, my eyes are adjusting. Access for staff only. Well, blow that.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Wow. And wow again. A hall of mirrors and gracious! Hello. Hello? I can see you. Bearing in mind what I've been through today, talking to a six foot mouse in battle armour doesn't really scare me, so please respond.
DUCK [OC]: Command, are you all right?
(Sophie Aldred, aka Ace,)

CHARLEY: Hello?
DUCK [OC]: We are reading three hostiles homing in on you. I'm coming to get you. Prepare for close contact fighting.
CHARLEY: Hey, mouse. Is it you I'm, I'm. Oh. Oh, gracious me. You're me! I mean, you're a reflection of *me*. And I'm a six foot mouse in battle armour. Brigadier!
(Boom! Shouting and gunfire.)
DUCK: Command, are you okay?
CHARLEY: I'm. They. Pirates, you shot them. Thanks.
DUCK: Well, come on, Command. We're retreating back to the 5D theatre.
CHARLEY: Okay, fine. You know you're a duck, don't you?
DUCK: Are you all right, Command?

(The Cloister Bell is still tolling.)
DOCTOR: Come on, Tardis, old girl. You want a fight? Come and have one. You're forgetting something, Tardis. Just as you're infected by the Zagreus anti-time, so am I. That makes me pretty powerful as we're effectively sharing atoms. For instance, I can shut off that racket.
(Sizzle, silence.)
DOCTOR: Ask not for whom the bell tolls. Come on, Tardis, show yourself to me. Let's make a fair fight of it, or I might have to start getting really angry and do you some hard. I mean, okay, I can't open the doors and get out, or else the universe falls. Pretty standard stuff really, but I can hurt you. Really hurt you, just with a little tweak of my mind.
(Crackle.)
DOCTOR: That's the art gallery gone. How about oh, I don't know, that wall? Or that room? Or that corridor.
(All with accompanying sound effect.)
BRIGADIER: Stop.
DOCTOR: Brigad. Oh no, of course not. Is that how you got Charley to fall for your little tricks?
BRIGADIER: I don't know what you mean, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Don't waste my time, Tardis, or I'll take your interior apart piece by piece.
(Crackle.)
BRIGADIER: Please stop doing that.
DOCTOR: No.
(Crackle.)
DOCTOR: How much of this can you take?
BRIGADIER: Me? I'm infinite, Doctor. I can reconfigure myself as much as I like.
DOCTOR: Good, because this makes me feel really good. (Crackle) Where's Charley Pollard?
BRIGADIER: Who?
DOCTOR: Don't play games with me, Ship. Where is she?
BRIGADIER: Learning the truth.
DOCTOR: About what? Zagreus? She knows that already.
BRIGADIER: Zagreus? You are Zagreus. This ship is Zagreus.
DOCTOR: Who's controlling you?
BRIGADIER: No one controls me. I am Zagreus.
DOCTOR: Zagreus doesn't exist. It's a conceit, a name given to a power by a deluded pathetic tribe of malcontents who use their fantastic power of manipulating positive time to oh such great ends. I mean, wow, that's really clever. All their power and the best thing they can do with it is nip back a few millennia and create a legend and watch it work its way through every civilised society in the universe. Oh, and the Time Lords. To do what? Ultimately, to make you a grouch.
BRIGADIER: I am power.
DOCTOR: So am I. The question is, what's the best way to use that power?
(Crackle.)

BRIGADIER: And destroying quantities of my internal structure is the best way, is it?
DOCTOR: If it gets me some answers, yes.
(Distant boom, crackle.)
DOCTOR: Every step I take towards you costs you more. Now where is Charley, and who is controlling you?

CHARLEY: It's an amusement park!
DUCK: Are you all right, Command?
CHARLEY: I'm a mouse, you're a duck, and over there are deer, cows, elephants and wow! What's that?
DUCK: Captain Dodo. I think you must have taken a bit of a bump.
CHARLEY: Where are we going again?
DUCK: We've regrouped inside the movie theatre. We've held her back at the gates, but the turnstiles won't hold her for long.
GAZELLE: Their sacrifice mustn't be in vain.
(Lisa Bowerman, aka Bernice Summerfield.)
DUCK: Ah, Sergeant. Good to see you.
GAZELLE: Everyone's in there now, Captain. General.
CHARLEY: Who? Oh, I'm the General, am I? Great.
GAZELLE: Sorry?
CHARLEY: Nothing.
DUCK: Sergeant, escort the General in, will you? I'm going to nip back and see if there are any stragglers. The Pirates came from the water ride. I need to make sure none of the miners or astronauts are still active.
GAZELLE: Yes, sir. This way, General.
CHARLEY: Animals versus humans. I see.

(Hubbub of voices.)
GAZELLE: Quiet, fellow warriors! General Mouse!
(Cheers and applause. Charley speaks into a microphone.)
CHARLEY: Er, hi, everyone. Well done on keeping the er, invaders at the turnstiles. Yes, you've all done very well.
(Cheers.)
GAZELLE: General, permission to speak.
CHARLEY: What? Oh, yes, Sergeant er, Deer?
GAZELLE: Gazelle, sir. Staff Sergeant, Fifth Battalion.
CHARLEY: Gazelle, yes, sorry. So many faces, shapes, sizes, colours.
GAZELLE: Sir, is it not time we set up in Cosmic Mountain? Surely we should be protecting the Animator?
CHARLEY: Animator?
GAZELLE: The troops are in agreement, see.
(Cheers.)
CHARLEY: Very well. To Cosmic Mountain. (sotto) Heavens, I hope that's the right course of action. Not that I care greatly.
GAZELLE: You heard the General, lads. Let's make for the Mountain. Move it! You made the right choice, General Mouse.

(More Tardis is being obliterated.)
DOCTOR: Well? Where is she? I must to to her, get her out of whatever mess you've placed her in.
BRIGADIER: How noble. How heroic.
DOCTOR: I said, where is she?
BRIGADIER: Forgive me if I find a way to defend myself.
DOCTOR: What?
BRIGADIER: Turn to page 141 of the book you're carrying.
DOCTOR: Ah, I see.
BRIGADIER: Beware, my son.
(A creature roars nearby then stomps closer.)

BRIGADIER: And not a vorpal blade in sight. Goodbye, Doctor. I need to go and keep an eye on Miss Pollard.
DOCTOR: I'm not finished with you yet.
(The Jabberwock roars.)
DOCTOR: Go away, you stupid creature. I don't believe in Jabberwocks. You, however, seem to believe in yourself.)
(Runs.)

(Weapons fire.)
DUCK: Phew, another one gone. Wretched human robots. Oh no, the turnstiles. Corporal Heron. Poor souls, didn't have a chance.
GOLDILOCKS:Too true, foul fowl.
(Bonnie Langford again.)
DUCK: You!
GOLDILOCKS: Go on, Captain Duck. Fire away. (bell) Oh dear. One second it's a gun, now it's a bunch of flowers, wilted and dead. Just like your pathetic animal army. (bell) What's that, Tinkle? (bell) Oh, all right. If you like.
DUCK: You stay back! Both of you.
GOLDILOCKS: Tinkle here is a very special kind of fairy, you know, Duck. She doesn't say too much, but she's been highly instrumental in quashing your farmyard rabble. Got a bit of a think about fur, you see. Prefers to wear it rather than stroke it.
DUCK: You won't win, you know. Even if you take me out, they'll still find a way to protect the Animator from your vile humanoid hands.
GOLDILOCKS: Oh, feather and beak will make me weak, but names can never hurt me. Deal with her, Tinkle. Now.
(Bell tinkles.)
DUCK: Stay back, fairy, or I'll fire. I warned you.
(Gunfire.)
GOLDILOCKS: (laughs) There once was a duck with a gun, who really wasn't much fun, till a fairy with dust did just what she must, and so the battle was won.
(Evil high-pitched screech.)

CHARLEY: So, Sergeant Gazelle, I fear I may have taken a bop on the noggin from those Pirates. Remind me of our current plans, will you?
GAZELLE: Yes, sir, if you're sure.
CHARLEY: Don't want to have forgotten something important.
GAZELLE: Well, sir, Goldilocks and her robot humans are occupying the food courts, most of the shopping malls, and, of course, the shuttle ports. We still occupy most of the Theme Park itself, except Tinkle's Castle, as the fairies allied themselves with the humanoid robots rather than us.
CHARLEY: The fairies did that, did they? Right.
GAZELLE: However, today's battle has cost us dearly. Reports are coming in that the turnstiles have fallen, which means Waterfall Mountain and Deep Canyon Adventure are probably under their control now.
CHARLEY: Uh huh.
GAZELLE: If we regroup our survivors at this point here, on Cosmic Mountain, I believe we can hold off Goldilocks whilst you and a couple of the others get to the Animator. Our air forces will protect the rear of the Mountain overlooking the toilets.
CHARLEY: Air forces? Led by Captain Dodo, I assume. Wait, no, he's a dodo.
GAZELLE: Are you all right, sir? Of course Captain Dodo can fly. That's the whole point of Captain Dodo. It's why the children loved him.
CHARLEY: Of course! That's what's missing. Where are the real humans?
GAZELLE: Humans, sir?

DOCTOR: Leave me alone! I've done nothing to harm you.
(Stops running, breathless. The Jabberwock stops stomping and just growls.)
DOCTOR: No, seriously, listen. I mean, we could run around all day and get

nowhere, except I suppose you could fry me and eat me, but, no. no, no, no, no, you don't want to do that, do you. Listen, listen. I saw you once. Yes, indeed. In a film. Marvellous film, with Max Wall, Warren Mitchell and the Monty Python lot. I mean, you've got to be flattered by that. And you were in it. Well, not exactly, but someone very like you, played by a man who later ran the BBC Sports department. Have you heard of the BBC? Marvellous people, all of them.
(The Jabberwock roars.)
DOCTOR: All right, some of them are a bit strange and they drink too much tea, which is rich coming from me, but please, please, please, please, let's calm down, hmm? Hmm? What am I saying? You're as unreal as the film monster was. Oh, no, no, no, no, no. Absolutely totally real. Totally real.
(The Jabberwock purrs.)
DOCTOR: Never in doubt. You think, therefore you exist. Of course you do. And if the Tardis can think you up, and due to Zagreus the Tardis and I are one mind, or four minds, depending on how you look at it, I should be able to think you out of existence. Oh.
(Big roar and the chase is on again.)
DOCTOR: Zagreus, I give in! All right! All right! I submit.

GAZELLE: Come on, come on, everybody in. You, that way. Set up the plasma cannons by the first level. You, no you, get those food supplies under cover. Watch out for those wires. Ah, General, you feeling any better?
CHARLEY: Yes, fine. I'm a giant robotic mouse talking to a giant robotic gazelle. I'm fine.
GAZELLE: Sir?
CHARLEY: My day can't get any worse. What's the situation, Sergeant?
GAZELLE: Corporal Wolf and Corporal Fox are ready to go with us to the interior of the Mountain. The bear survivors will cover us.
CHARLEY: Bear survivors?
GAZELLE: We lost Mummy Bear this afternoon, but the other two are holding up okay.
CHARLEY: Okay, let's go to the Animator.
(Crackle of static.)
GAZELLE: Sir, it's Captain Duck. She's all right. She's at the theatre wondering where we are.
CHARLEY: Well, get her over here now.

DUCK: Yes, Sergeant. Okay. I'm on my way. Over and out.
GOLDILOCKS: Well?
DUCK: Cosmic Mountain.
(Bell.)
DUCK: Yes, not a problem.
GOLDILOCKS: At last the final victory is within our grasp. Tinkle, go back to the others and tell them that on Captain Duck's signal, they are to storm the Mountain. By then, we'll be with the Animator.
DUCK: Oh, how do we get up to the top without passing General Mouse's soldiers?
GOLDILOCKS: Tinkle?
(Bell.)
GOLDILOCKS: Hmm. You weren't the first of your animal kind to feel Tinkle's soothing mind touch, Captain. (Bell) Look.
DUCK: (laughs) I see.
GOLDILOCKS: There once was a bird so puffy and proud, he took to war with cries aloud, till a fairy with dust, did just what she must, and so the Dodo was cowed!
DUCK: Captain Dodo.
BRIGADIER: Hello, Captain Duck. Seen the light, have we? Joined Goldilocks's army? Splendid fellows, all of them.

GAZELLE: We must be close, General.
CHARLEY: What's all that noise?
(Door opens.)
GAZELLE: In here, look.
CHARLEY: Good grief.
GAZELLE: It's the Animator.
CHARLEY: He's human. And dead.
GAZELLE: Oh, he can't be dead.
CHARLEY: Mind you, all this machinery must be doing something.
BRIGADIER: It's keeping him alive.
CHARLEY: You!
GAZELLE: Captain Dodo, you should be guarding
DUCK: He's with me, Sergeant.
GAZELLE: Captain?
GOLDILOCKS: And they're both with me.
DUCK: Drop your weapons or we open fire, and in this enclosed space who knows what might happen to the Animator.
GAZELLE: General?
CHARLEY: Surrender, Gazelle. Who are you?
GOLDILOCKS: I'm Goldilocks, and I want your head. On a plate.
CHARLEY: Me? Why?
GOLDILOCKS: You stole my bears.
BRIGADIER: Enough. We must awaken the Animator.
GOLDILOCKS: Who are you to give orders, Dodo?
BRIGADIER: Oh do shut up. Miss Pollard, it is essential that we awaken him.
CHARLEY: How?
BRIGADIER: Quite simple. He's in cryogenic suspension. It's been tampered with and redesigned and rebuilt around his sleeping form over the years, but even the best technology has a simple off switch.
CHARLEY: Where?
BRIGADIER: There.
GOLDILOCKS: Don't touch anything, or I'll kill you all.
CHARLEY: I want answers.
GAZELLE: We all do.
CHARLEY: Why are you fighting?
GOLDILOCKS: You stole my bears.
CHARLEY: So you said. I mean really fighting.
GAZELLE: Over the Animator. We need to protect him from them.
GOLDILOCKS: Nonsense. We need to protect him from you lot.
CHARLEY: Well, let's ask him what he thinks, shall we?
(Machinery powers down. A lid unseals with a hiss and opens. Sylvester McCoy takes a deep breath.)
WINKLE: Must breathe. And breathe slowly. Don't rush it or you'll get a head rash, they said. Ah, that's better. Oh, they warned me it'd be far, far worse.
CHARLEY: Hello.
WINKLE: Hello. I'm Walton Winkle, better known throughout the Earth Empire as Uncle Winky, the man who put a smile on the Galaxy. Is this my Winky Wonderland?
GOLDILOCKS: It's Winky Battleland at the moment.
WINKLE: Could one of you kind anthropomorphosised animals help me out of this thing? (effort noises) Ah, yes. Oh, that's better. Do you like my jacket? I had it especially made for the occasion.
CHARLEY: What occasion?
WINKLE: My Death Day, December the Eighteenth, 2367. Heart condition, you see.
CHARLEY: No. No, I don't see.
BRIGADIER: They put you in suspended animation until a cure could be found, yes?
WINKLE: That's right, my wingless friend. Now, I take it we're still inside Cosmic Mountain, my masterpiece of fun, chill, thrills and spills, yes?

GAZELLE: Yes, Animator.
WINKLE: Oh, more than just an Animator, my friend. I am a Dreamer, a Master of Dreams. Now, where are the children?
CHARLEY: Children?
GOLDILOCKS: There aren't any children.
WINKLE: Closed, is it? Off season? Oh, that can't be right. Uncle Winky's Wonderland, open 829 days a year. In other words, all year round.
CHARLEY: What planet are you from?
WINKLE: Well, unless they scooped up my Wonderland during my recuperation, I assume we're still on Io, yes?
CHARLEY: No idea.
GOLDILOCKS: No. Wonderland has moved many times.
WINKLE: Oh. How many days a year is it open here, then? Indeed, how many days *are* there in a year here?
CHARLEY: No idea.
BRIGADIER: So what planet is this?
GAZELLE: This was our last relocation. A broken rock floating around a dead star. The planet was terraformed by the Galactic commission and we were settled here.
DUCK: It was called
BRIGADIER: Yes?
GOLDILOCKS: Gallifrey.
(Sounds of fierce battle.)
WINKLE: Well, that's all very well and good, and everything, but why are you animatronics here?
CHARLEY: Ani-what?
WINKLE: Animatronics. I designed you all, you robots. You knew that, didn't you.
GOLDILOCKS: Yes, of course. We're not stupid.
CHARLEY: Apart from the fighting.
WINKLE: Fighting? Is that what that noise is? Don't you understand, if you fight like animals you'll die like animals?
GOLDILOCKS: My forces are overwhelming hers. Before long there'll be no animals, just humans. And fairies. (bell)
WINKLE: Hello. I don't remember designing you, my fairy friend.
(Tinkle rings.)
GOLDILOCKS: Uncle Winky awoke from the cold. Uncle Winky felt very old. Till a fairy with dust did just what she must, and Uncle Winky did as he was told.
WINKLE: That doesn't scan too well, you know.
(Gunfire.)
WINKLE: Oh.
GOLDILOCKS: No! You killed Tinkle!
GAZELLE: And now it's your turn.
GOLDILOCKS: Duck?
DUCK: Yes, ma'am.
(Gunfire.)
GAZELLE: Captain, Captain Duck, why?
WINKLE: No, no, no, stop! This isn't right. This isn't how you're supposed to behave. This is my Wonderland, my land of fun and frolics. Where are the children? What have you done with the children?
GOLDILOCKS: My army of humanoid robots are ripping the animals apart, General Mouse. You are finished.
CHARLEY: There's more to it than this.
WINKLE: Where are the children?
GOLDILOCKS: There are no children, you stupid man. There haven't been any children ever since we got here. The children died out, along with their parents, eons ago. We are the only life in the whole universe left.
CHARLEY: Life? You're not alive. You're robots.
WINKLE: (upset) How, how long have I been asleep?
GOLDILOCKS: Oh, longer than you might think. We needed to wake you up for

one specific reason.
WINKLE: How long!
DUCK: Approximately sixty billion years.
WINKLE: No! Oh, no. It's not possible. I want the children back! I want to hear their laughter, their joy in my cartoons and my funny animals, and my pirate ships and my water rides. And the Cosmic Mountain, my masterpiece. I need the children!
GOLDILOCKS: We have been waging this war to narrow the odds down to just a handful.
CHARLEY: What? Who is we?
GOLDILOCKS: Oh, don't you understand, Mouse? We've been watching and waiting.
CHARLEY: Uncle Winky, listen.
WINKLE: No children! No laughter! What's the point?
CHARLEY: Listen. I can see what's going on now. Your Wonderland, it's been taken over. This is Gallifrey, the home of the Time Lords.
WINKLE: Time?
CHARLEY: And I bet this Mountain stands where Rassilon's Foundry once was.
GOLDILOCKS: Well done.
BRIGADIER: Kill her, Goldilocks. Kill the Mouse.
CHARLEY: Brigadier!
BRIGADIER: You're the Divergence, aren't you?
GOLDILOCKS: We have been empowered by them. We do their bidding. If this Mountain is destroyed, the Reality Lock that imprisons us will be damaged, maybe destroyed.
CHARLEY: Why have you waited?
DUCK: We needed the Animator to operate the machinery. Our paws are too big and cumbersome.
GOLDILOCKS: We cannot manipulate our fingers enough to operate the controls.
CHARLEY: You've kept him alive just to kill him? Get him to destroy all this?
GOLDILOCKS: Yes.
WINKLE: I don't understand.
CHARLEY: I have to get out of here, warn the Doctor. If we're sixty billion years into the future, well, I don't know my cosmic science, but that sounds a long, long time.
BRIGADIER: It's the end of the universe.
CHARLEY: Oh, who cares what you think, you. Hang on. I thought the universe was infinite.
BRIGADIER: Literally the end. The final moment.
WINKLE: You mean, the universe is going to end? I've woken up in time to be evaporated?
GOLDILOCKS: So, as you've nothing to live for, you can do as we ask and blow this place up, free us from our eternal prison.
WINKLE: My records, my computer files, where are they?
CHARLEY: You can't help them, Uncle Winky.
WINKLE: Ah, here. Come on, come on, come on.
CHARLEY: Winkle, no! The Divergence are a terrible power. They've been locked away for a reason.
WINKLE: Ah yes, here, here are the codes.
GOLDILOCKS: Wait! What are you doing?
WINKLE: Simple. They are my licence agreements, my merchandise agreements, my livelihood.
DUCK: (gasps) No. You won't. Won't. (winds down.)
CHARLEY: What did you do?
WINKLE: It's an animatronic puppet. I just switched her off, round the back.
CHARLEY: Can't we turn them all off?
WINKLE: By hand? They're killing each other out there to get at me. To make me destroy everything. The fact they need me alive to, well, er, die gives us just one chance.

GOLDILOCKS: Stop whatever it is you're doing.
WINKLE: You see, when I designed my animatronics, I wanted to ensure they could never be sold off, never be rented out to some cheaper downmarket operation. Never licensed out to a third party who might dilute their charm and beauty, or use them to promote fast food restaurants, or appear in pop videos. Each one has a little microchip that only I understand the codes to.
CHARLEY: So?
WINKLE: So if I deactivate them, they'll all just fall over. And no one can ever reactivate them.
GOLDILOCKS: No!
WINKLE: Oh, what can you do with your stubby little fingers that can't carry a gun? You're no threat, you're just Goldilocks without her three bears. Goldilocks fashioned after. After. After my daughter, who died sixty billion years ago.
CHARLEY: Do it, Uncle Winky. Do it!
WINKLE: I'll turn you off too, Mouse.
CHARLEY: It'll be all right. I hope. If the Brigadier. Oh, where's he gone?
WINKLE: Oh, I don't feel too good.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, you have to do this.
(Keyboard.)
WINKLE: There.
GOLDILOCKS: No! We want to be free! Free! (winds down)
WINKLE: I'm so sorry, but you were for the children. And if there aren't any children
CHARLEY: With Cosmic Mountain not destroyed, the Divergence are still locked away.
WINKLE: The end of the universe. That would be a, would be a fascinating thing to see.
CHARLEY: You're not well, are you? Too soon out after your sleep.
WINKLE: My heart. I know the signs. Perhaps they never found a cure.
CHARLEY: Oh, no.
WINKLE: How come you're still moving? Listen, no more fighting. All the animatronics are dead.
CHARLEY: It's hard to explain.
(Whoosh.)
WINKLE: What's that?
CHARLEY: I'm not sure.
(Distant fighting.)
WINKLE: Let's go outside, please. I wonder if they timed it correctly?
CHARLEY: Who?
WINKLE: These Divergence of yours. The Dodo might have been talking literally. What if right here, right now, it's the end of the universe.
CHARLEY: They timed waking you up so you could release their vault at exactly the moment this universe died, so they'd be free.
WINKLE: Oh, outside. Please.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on. This way. Look, emergency exit, staff only.
WINKLE: Oh look, down there. My Wonderland, my Wasteland, my heart.
CHARLEY: Oh, my God, look at the sky!
WINKLE: It's the end of everything.
CHARLEY: Look there.
WINKLE: What is it?
CHARLEY: I saw something similar in 1951. Like a rip in space, but this time it's being opened from, from the other side. The Divergence are forcing their way out anyway.
WINKLE: Too late. Look. The end. Is. Nigh.
CHARLEY: Uncle Winky? Uncle Winky! Brigadier, please! Get me out of here!
DOCTOR [OC]: (echoing) Charley! Charley, listen to me! It's all a hologram. An illusion. Come to my voice.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR [OC]: Reach out with your hand. I can see you.
CHARLEY: I can't see you.

DOCTOR [OC]: I know. Just reach out to where you hear my voice. Come on. Come on, that's it.
(Big electronic whoosh.)

DOCTOR: Got you.
CHARLEY: Doctor! Oh, Doctor. Doctor, it's so good to see you again. I've been to the end of the universe, and there was something there. Something that split the sky in two. And before that there was Rassilon and the Vampires, and before that at Cardington, what the Vicar did.
DOCTOR: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Slowly, slowly.
CHARLEY: It's the Divergence, that's what it's called. The thing that's coming. And it's bigger and older than Time or Gallifrey or Rassilon. Bigger than everything! And it's something to do with you and Zagreus. The Brigadier showed me. It made up these visions and I was there, really there.
DOCTOR: The Brigadier showed you.
CHARLEY: Well, the Tardis, really, taking the Brigadier's shape. But then it left me, and I was all alone at the end of everything.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised it left you. Charley, the Brigadier, the Tardis is not what it seems. The anti-time has got to it. It's working to its own agenda. I'm not Zagreus, it's
BRIGADIER: Me? Me. I am Zagreus. No, not quite me, is it.
DOCTOR: Stay back, Charley. Charley?
CHARLEY: I'm going nowhere near either of you. Oh, great. It was bad enough having one lunatic running around being Zagreus, but two?
DOCTOR: Charley, don't be like that. Charley, it's me, really. I'm all right. I rescued you, didn't I?
CHARLEY: I. No. No, I need time to think. I can't trust you any more, Doctor. That's the thing.
DOCTOR: Charley, please.
CHARLEY: Don't. Just don't. Thank you.
BRIGADIER: Quite right, Miss Pollard. I'd steer well clear of him if I were you. Over here. There, that's better, isn't it?
CHARLEY: I, I suppose. You hit me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charley, I couldn't help it.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: Charley, it's him. He's Zagreus. Or he wants to be. I don't know which is worse.
BRIGADIER: Honestly, Doctor. Imagine me, Zagreus? Why should I want to be Zagreus, huh? Ravaging history like some demon lover? Scourging at breakfast, purging at lunch time, pillaging for supper and burning heretics for afters? That's your fate, Doctor, not mine.
DOCTOR: Then why turn on me, on us?
BRIGADIER: Because I've had a better offer. Doctor, consider this my notice. Stuff you and your wayward adventuring, I resign.
CHARLEY: Resign? You're a Tardis, you can't resign.
BRIGADIER: In the Earth idiom, I've been head-hunted.
DOCTOR: By whom? Him?
CHARLEY: Who? Him!
RASSILON: I. In another Earth idiom, you might call this a hostile takeover.
BRIGADIER: I give you my new employer, Lord Rassilon.
DOCTOR: But how? How? When? I think I might have noticed the odd memo or fax being zapped through the ether between you.
BRIGADIER: While you slept.
DOCTOR: Slept?
BRIGADIER: You and Miss Pollard. It was nearly six months between the anti-time explosion and the two of you recovering your wits.
CHARLEY: Six?
RASSILON: Now then, Tardis. I trust you have found my terms and conditions to your satisfaction?
DOCTOR: What have you promised my ship?

BRIGADIER: To be purged of the infection that is you, Doctor. Should I suffer till Doomsday holding you in for the good of the universe? Should I be your tomb, drifting in space? What's in it for me? In the dreamscapes Miss Pollard showed me more than enough to make up my mind. And so, I allowed the Lord Rassilon to give me (pause) instructions.
DOCTOR: What instructions? You want to kill me, is that it? I'm Zagreus, I can't die. Pull yourself together, Tardis.
BRIGADIER: Pull myself together? Pull what together? Look around me. A dirty smouldering hulk. A box for your dirt, your clutter, your junk. Well, no more. There's a new broom round here, and it's time for a spring clean. With your permission?
RASSILON: You wish to strip some of the Doctor's assets? You may.
BRIGADIER: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Doctor, the doors!
DOCTOR: No! No! Don't let me out! You don't know what I could do!
RASSILON: I know exactly what you could do, Doctor. That's why I stepped in. (Whistling wind.)
BRIGADIER: Let's see now. Hatstand, out. Tool box, out. Gramophone, out. Ella Fitzgerald, Billy Holliday, Pat Hodge, out, out, out.
DOCTOR: My 78s!
CHARLEY: Stop it! Stop it now!
BRIGADIER: One shrieking Earth girl, well past its live by date.
CHARLEY: Ow! Put me down!
DOCTOR: Let her go, please!
BRIGADIER: Oh, I shall. Definitely surplus to requirements.
DOCTOR: No!
BRIGADIER: Not going to rescue her, Doctor, while she teeters on the brink? Not going to risk taking her hand for fear of falling into the maelstrom yourself?
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor!
DOCTOR: I, I
BRIGADIER: Thought not.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's the Divergence, Doctor. Ask him about the Divergence, Doctor! (screams)
DOCTOR: Charley!
RASSILON: Close your doors, friend Tardis.
(Doors close.)
DOCTOR: Oh, Charley, Charley, I couldn't.
BRIGADIER: You were scared, Doctor. Scared of what might happen should Zagreus be unleashed upon the universe.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I'm scared. I'm terrified. And you should be too. What am I? (voice crackles) What am I capable of? What
RASSILON: Hush, Doctor. Your Lord Rassilon is here. There's nothing to be scared of. Nothing at all. (laughs)

ROMANA: The Prydonian Common Room was full of noisy students all cheering the outcome of the Vortisaur race. Sigma was carried in on a sea of arms and shoulders, but he was brought down to earth soon enough by Luandra, who dragged him away from the back-slaps of his Prydon peers. 'Hero of the Academy, is it?' she tutted. Sigma sighed. Luandra was right, as usual. If he could only be half as clever as she, tri-bi physics would hold no fear. Correction, hold him no fear.
K9: Revision noted. Please continue.
ROMANA: 'Tri-bi physics!' he gasped, suddenly remembering his still-unwritten dissertation. 'Cardinal Luvis will have me vaporised if I don't write up the principles of six dimensional transconfiguration to triple alpha standard by next quarter time. Please, Luandra, let me have a look at
(Communicator beep.)
ROMANA: Oh, what now?
K9: Communication from Watchtower Command, Mistress.
ROMANA: I know. (answers it) Romana. What is it, Cardinal?

BRAXIATEL [OC]: Madam President, may the Sash of Rassilon protect you, may his Rod guide you
ROMANA: Oh do get on with it, Braxiatel!
BRAXIATEL [OC]: Yes, Madam President. The Type 40 TT capsule under surveillance in Quadrant 3498.9
ROMANA: The Doctor's Tardis, yes.
BRAXIATEL [OC]: It's gone, my Lady.
ROMANA: Dematerialised, Braxiatel? Where to?
BRAXIATEL [OC]: Not dematerialised, just (pause) gone.
ROMANA: Transducted?
BRAXIATEL [OC]: Excellency, only the duty Castellan, and of course yourself, have transducer emitters. I assure you, we haven't had cause to use them for many years.
ROMANA: Mine is here, safe and sound.
BRAXIATEL [OC]: So the Doctor's Tardis has finally gone.
ROMANA: Gone? It can't just go. It has to go somewhere. It's the only Type 40 in service. The signature is quite distinct.
BRAXIATEL [OC]: That's just it, Madam President. There is no space time trail. It's gone.
ROMANA: When did this happen?
K9: Minus point two seven eight microspans, Mistress.
ROMANA: You knew, K9? Why didn't you tell me?
K9: The Mistress issued the following directive.
ROMANA [OC]: I shall be dictating chapter three to you now, K9. No interruptions, is that understood? Gallifrey, the vortex, the fate of the universe, they can all go hang.
ROMANA: Off, K9.
BRAXIATEL [OC]: Are you writing a book, Madam President?
ROMANA: None of your business, Cardinal.
(Braxiatel chuckles.)
ROMANA: I shall be in the Watchtower in less than ten microspans. Just, er, don't do anything until I arrive.
BRAXIATEL [OC]: Very good, my Lady. May the light
(Transmission cut off.)
ROMANA: Well, K9?
K9: Cardinal Braxiatel is correct. No temporal trace within containment field. Scanning known space time zones for Tardis signature. Humanian Era, negative. Peon Era, negative. Morestran Era, negative. Sumaran Era
ROMANA: Gone. But there are regions beyond scope of our sensors. It may be that something is recorded in the Matrix. Come on, K9. What was that?
K9: An intruder, Mistress.
ROMANA: Here? In these apartments?
K9: Affirmative. Seal on external plastishield compromised at minus point two one zero microspans, Mistress.
ROMANA: K9, remind me to upgrade your programming. New heading, Common Sense. Whoever you are, I know you're there. I am President of Gallifrey and all her Dominions. My robot's defensive mechanisms are set to kill. Show yourself.
LEELA [OC]: K9 will not harm me, will you, K9?
ROMANA: Who's that? Who are you?
K9: The other Mistress, Mistress.
ROMANA: Other Mistress? Come closer.
(Footsteps.)
ROMANA: Oh, of course. You must be the savage, er, Lily? Lulu?
LEELA: I am Leela, of the Sevateem. I can run faster than your guards. I can swim deeper than a pack of speelsnapes. I know all the words to Daisy, Daisy.
ROMANA: Very impressive. K9, have you been in contact with one of your other models?
K9: I received a short-wave transmission from an earlier, less sophisticated K9 unit at minus point three four seven microspans, Mistress.

ROMANA: Less sophisticated, is it? New heading, Snobbery.
LEELA: Quiet, you two. I bring you a message from an old man I saw in a dream.
ROMANA: A dream? I don't have time for dreams.
LEELA: Then you will make time. I saw a man, infinitely old and eternally wise, in a house of ebony stone. This is what he said. I have news of the Doctor. News of the gravest import. Bring me the woman known as Romana, and go with her to the place where no rainbows shine and no fish sing. (echoes) Where the shadows cross the moons three times per turning and the earth is black with blood and forgetting.

(Distant thunder. Rain.)
CHARLEY: Oh. (groans) Earth. Black earth. Urgh, mud. Rocks, rain. Why does it always rain on me? (loud) Can you hear me? Can you hear me, God? (normal) No answer. No God. Not heaven, then. Hell? Oh, and what do you know, it looks like Wales. (sings) Is there a welcome in the valleys.
(Someone coughs.)
WINKLE: Indeed there is, you delightful young lady.
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, Uncle Winky! It's Uncle Winky. I could
(She kisses him a lot.)
CHARLEY: And again
(Kiss, kiss.)
WINKLE: Off, off. If I'd have known the afterlife would be full of young girls kissing me, I'd have chosen death much sooner.
CHARLEY: Afterlife? Oh, of course. You died. I was there. The death I'm not afraid of, it's the being alone with no one to hug.
WINKLE: Oh, hug away, my dear. Hug away. I beg your pardon? You were there?
CHARLEY: On top of Cosmic Mountain. The universe exploding? Fancy forgetting the universe exploding. Of course, I wasn't *me* then. I was General Mouse.
WINKLE: You were, you were. Well, who are you?
CHARLEY: I hardly know just at present. I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then. So you shall call me Charley and that'll be the end of it.
WINKLE: Charley.
TOWNSEND: So, this is what comes of consorting with the military and the government. Hell on every level.
CHARLEY: Oh, no. Reverend Townsend, what are you doing here?
TOWNSEND: Being dead, mostly. Is this death or is this somewhere near Llandudno?
CHARLEY: That's just what we were wondering.
TOWNSEND: Don't think I've had the pleasure, sir. Townsend. Reverend Matthew Townsend. I tore a hole through reality, you know, for all the good it did me. Still, never mind.
WINKLE: Ah, right. Me. Er, Walton Winkle at your service. The man who put a smile on on the Galaxy.
TOWNSEND: Well, who's laughing now? Sorry. Jollying things along has never been my forté.
WINKLE: Never *was* your forté.
TOWNSEND: Quite. Funny old business, death. Murder on the tenses. Murder full stop, I suppose.
CHARLEY: Hell isn't Wales, I've decided. Hell is other people.
TEPESH: I should not have taken one such as you for an existentialist, madam, but this is hell, I assure you. Abaddon, the Abyss, Gehenna, Hades, the Inferno, the Underworld, the Pit. Or as close as one gets on Gallifrey. Well? Are these gentlemen not worthy of introduction?
CHARLEY: (sotto) Idiot and idiot, meet super-ego.
TEPESH: Lord Tepesh, Provost of the Arcalian Chapterhouses. A fellow pilgrim in this realm of despair.

CHARLEY: We're on Gallifrey?
TEPESH: You doubt me? Take my hand. You'll see.
CHARLEY: If I must.
TEPESH: I confess I've never been here before. Well, no one has and lived to tell the tale, but I knew. I knew.
CHARLEY: Why? What did you see?
TEPESH: That!
CHARLEY: A tower?
TEPESH: *The* tower. This is what we poets term the Death Zone, and *that* is the Dark Tower of none other than foul Rassilon himself.
(The fanfare from the Five Doctors calls out.)

[Part Three - Wasteland]

(Wibbling sound.)
LEELA: The transporting is finished? We can step out now?
K9: Substitial matter transference complete.
ROMANA: Thank you, K9.
LEELA: This is the place I saw.
ROMANA: It's a tomb. A place of the dead.
LEELA: I sense no death here.
ROMANA: Well, there's a corpse right in front of you. What more death do you want?
LEELA: This is the man I saw.
ROMANA: Rassilon, the founding father of our civilisation. Don't touch that. His ring has power, so they say.
LEELA: Be careful. You will wake him up.
ROMANA: Oh, honestly. K9, is this man alive?
K9: Scanning for lifesigns. Lifesigns negative.
ROMANA: See?
LEELA: If you knew he was dead, you would not have come.
ROMANA: Well, when I say dead, his *mind* lives on in the Matrix. Why did he choose you as a go-between, I wonder?
LEELA: Because I know of ghosts, of heaven, of the Hunting Grounds beyond?
ROMANA: Yes, I'm sure that's just about your level. The difference is, if I sense a mystery, I want it explained. When I last saw Rassilon, the Doctor was dead. Now you tell me Rassilon has news of him, news of the gravest import. Tell me, what's more grave than death?
LEELA: The Doctor is dead?
ROMANA: Sorry, didn't you know?
(Footsteps.)
ROMANA: My Lord? My Lord Rassilon? K9?
K9: Matrix waveforms not present. Etheric activity negative.
ROMANA: He's not here. Unless. Of course! He used the savage because he doesn't want to use the Matrix. There must be something he doesn't want it to know about. Doesn't want recorded there. And her mind would be the perfect target. Simple, linear, non-Gallifreyan, highly receptive to psychic suggestion.
LEELA: Daughter of Time, you are quite correct.
ROMANA: Possession too. That's why she wanted to get at the ring. Hello again. You wish to speak with me?
LEELA: Not here.
(Slight ringing sound.)
LEELA: Here.
ROMANA: A ring of many uses. A hidden door. A Matrix door?
LEELA: Come, Romana. I have much to show you.
K9: Caution, Mistress. Non-standard Matrix pulse detected.
ROMANA: Non-standard?
LEELA: Come!

(The horn fanfare again. Still raining with occasional distant thunder.)
TEPESH: The Game of Rassilon. A barbarous pastime among Gallifrey's elite. They pluck you out of time and space, hurtle you into this province of the damned, there to fight the monsters or die.
WINKLE: Monsters? Like dinosaurs?
TEPESH: Dinosaurs? Pah. We face gnarled gremblins from the gutters of the galaxy. Mandrils, hypnotrons, Drashigs. Oh pray it won't be Drashigs.
TOWNSEND: Shouldn't we seek cover, chaps? This Tower, it's quite a distance, but if we strike out with a sturdy pace if might not take too long.
TEPESH: What, cross the Wasteland in open view? Are you mad?
TOWNSEND: Very probably, yes. Yes, that must be it. I've gone mad. Overworking, that'll be it.
WINKLE: Too much cheese before bedtime?
CHARLEY: No one's mad, and no one's eaten too much cheese. You see, I have a friend called the Doctor.
TEPESH: Oh, my dear, is your social network relevant?
CHARLEY: Yes, it is. And the Doctor, well, he's been infected by this stuff called anti-time, and he thinks he's called Zagreus, a villain someone else made up.
WINKLE: You made him up? Don't you have real friends?
CHARLEY: Yes, I do! And it's not him that's made up, it's all of you.
WINKLE: Aw. Uncle Winky understands, poor thing. You're all alone and
CHARLEY: Get your hands off! The Tardis, that's our ship, recreated you from the Doctor's, I mean Zagreus's, mind. That's why each of you has one of the Doctor's faces.
TOWNSEND: He has several?
TEPESH: I maintain, madam, this profile is all my very own. Singular. Unique.
CHARLEY: It's not. Think about it. Think about the past. Each of you was aware of something before you died. Some force, some creature on the edge of the universe, just out of sight. I don't know what, but it seemed to make sense to the Doctor. Only the Tardis didn't like that and it's thrown me out. You three too, I suppose.
TOWNSEND: The men who knew too much.
CHARLEY: That's it, exactly. You say Rassilon's here? I met him, sort of, back in another universe. Earlier today, in fact. But it seems like a lifetime ago.
TEPESH: My dear young girl, Rassilon's dead. Any fool knows that. He died screaming as the flames seared the skin from his suppurating skeleton.
CHARLEY: You're dead, he's dead, I'm dead. We're all dead. Round here being dead is as common as catching a chill. But Rassilon being here, that's no coincidence. We're going to go and see him, and that is that.
WINKLE: Perhaps I'm dreaming. That's it. I was asleep and I'm dreaming you.
TOWNSEND: I saw reality divide. I've fallen through a gap in space.
TEPESH: We've been time-scooped, all of us. Players in a game of Last Man Standing. One I propose to win.
CHARLEY: Hey, hey, hey. Where do you think you're going?
TEPESH: To find a fox hole, or a dripping cave, or a very high tree. There I shall cover myself in mud or leaves or whatever I find, and wait until you three are feeding the worms, picked off my the monstrosities roaming this moor.
CHARLEY: What, like Daleks and Yeti and Quarks?
WINKLE: Daleks?
TOWNSEND: And Yeti?
TEPESH: And Quarks? Oh my.
CHARLEY: You died, Tepesh. I saw it. What's to be scared of?
TEPESH: Dying again.
WINKLE: (clears throat) My friends, it appears to have quite escaped your attention, but night is falling.
TOWNSEND: Falling fast. Within the last few minutes, I'd say. Interesting.
(Animal sounds and stomping.)
TEPESH: Listen.
TOWNSEND: A sort of whiffling sound.
WINKLE: More of a burble.

CHARLEY: What did you say?
TEPESH: A monster! A monster! Please, don't let it be a Drashig! I couldn't bear to be eaten by a Drashig. All those fangs shredding me limb from limb from limb!
WINKLE: I can't run. My legs are still shaking from the freezing.
TOWNSEND: What is it I've done? Oh, God in Heaven, what have I unleashed?
TEPESH: Oh, I can't look. Is it here? Are its jaws oozing bile?
CHARLEY: It's all right, boys. You can open your eyes.
TOWNSEND: Nothing.
WINKLE: Just a phantom of the mind.
TEPESH: Oh, saved. Saved!
CHARLEY: Not exactly. It's behind you.
(The Jabberwock roars. The men scream.)

ROMANA: Oh, that was interesting. K9?
K9: No data to fix current location.
LEELA: It is a feasting place.
ROMANA: Back with us, are you? You're right. The Dark Tower as it was eons in the past. Well, not the real one, I'll warrant. The Matrix door.
LEELA: A looking glass in the air.
ROMANA: K9, remember the gateway in E-Space? And the mirror that finally brought us back home? What can you tell me about this
(A door grates shut.)
ROMANA: Ah. No way back, it seems.
RASSILON: Welcome, ladies. Welcome to my Matrix house. Come freely, go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring.
LEELA: This place, it looks like the other one we were in, but it feels different.
RASSILON: The tomb on the other side of the mirror is real enough. But this is a unique construction, hidden away in my own very special part of the Matrix. A home from home, you might say.
ROMANA: My Lord Rassilon. I shan't say this is an unexpected pleasure. But the circumstances I confess I did not anticipate.
RASSILON: These circumstances, you mean? I have come to guard my privacy well. I beg you, be seated and sup how you please. See, I have prepared you a modest meal.
LEELA: I may? Mmm, the animal, it died a quick death and the meat, it's good.
RASSILON: A mind like Zen poetry. Remarkable. Quite remarkable.
ROMANA: This table is real? These fruits?
RASSILON: Real enough to satisfy most appetites. You stand within a sealed sub-matrix, composed not of electronic pulses but of semi-stable protoplasm.
K9: Affirmative, Mistress. Neuron bonded molecular content held in confines of Matrix shield.
ROMANA: Neuron bonded? Enjoying the meal, Leela?
LEELA: Mmm, yes. Fish was speared at spawning. Mmm, this too is good.
ROMANA: Should I tell her she's eating your brain?
RASSILON: Would she think anything of it? And now, my Lady, to business.
ROMANA: Ah, the Doctor, you mean. Miss Pollard.
RASSILON: No, Madam President. I do not mean the Doctor. Miss Pollard neither. I refer to the matter of your resignation. I have the necessary papers here, which you will sign.
LEELA: Or the woman Leela shall slit your throat.

(The Jabberwock is still growling.)
TOWNSEND: Move away slowly, no sudden movements. Wouldn't do to antagonise it. No sudden movements, I said.
TEPESH: We have to flee. It could consume all four of us and still have room for a snuffle of striped pig-bears. If the jaws and claws don't get us, that halitosis will.
WINKLE: I think not.
TOWNSEND: Back, man.

TEPESH: No, let him go. We can run for it while that thing is rifling through his entrails. Go on. Oh, good fellow, Winkle. A noble sacrifice is what we need right now.
WINKLE: I'm in no danger. See how its eyes move. Animatronics. Very convincing, at that, and I should know. I've built enough like it. All I have to do is find the off switch. Round about here, I think.
(Pinch, Jabberwock roar.)
WINKLE: It's real! Argh!
TEPESH: See? The jaws bite, the claws catch. We're done for!
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, that's it! Don't you see? The jaws that bite, the claws that catch. Wiffling and burbling like you said. This, gentlemen, is a Jabberwock.
TEPESH: Jabber what?
TOWNSEND: Jabberwock. You know, Lewis Carroll.
WINKLE: Eh?
CHARLEY: Lewis Carroll's been everywhere today. Must be from the Tardis too. Now how does it go? 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.
TEPESH: Oh, this is nonsense!
TOWNSEND: Exactly. Beware the Jabberwock, my son. The jaws that bite, the claws that catch. Beware the something something er
CHARLEY: The frumous Bandrilsnatch. Oh, my gosh! Yes, I know what we need. A vorpal sword.
CHARLEY + TOWNSEND: One, two. One, two. And through and through the vorpal blade went snicker-snack. He left it dead, and with its head he went galumphing back.
TEPESH: A vorpal sword, eh?
CHARLEY + TOWNSEND: Yes!
TEPESH: What's a vorpal sword?
CHARLEY: I. Well, it's like er
TOWNSEND: Ah, well, you see, that's er
TEPESH: You don't know, do you. We're dead.
WINKLE: Far from it. If you'd been paying it any attention, watch and learn. (clears throat) We are friendly kith, dear Jabberwock, inconsumigestable by tum.
TOWNSEND: It's working.
WINKLE: Shush. And dah da-dah da-dah er
TOWNSEND: Beryllium clock.
WINKLE: And scarfing on your gum.
CHARLEY: Beryllium clock.
TOWNSEND: Sorry. Don't know where that came from, actually.
TEPESH: The beast's at bay. What next?
CHARLEY: How about, er, we have a destappointment thing with a Temporal Lord I know. Please take us there by Jabberwing. To the Danxious Tower we go.
(Flap of leathery wings.)
CHARLEY: Marvellous. Right then, can any of you ride?

ROMANA: Resign? Don't be absurd.
RASSILON: Madam, do not mistake my request for a condemnation of your policies. Your Presidency has been no worse than any other of the last hundred thousand years.
ROMANA: Why, thank you.
RASSILON: It is merely a matter of secession. A fine candidate for the highest office has become available. I should like you to nominate this person in your stead, thus satisfying due process.
ROMANA: Tell me, my Lord. What is the name of your Pretender?
RASSILON: His name, my Lady? He goes by the name of Zagreus.

(Whistling wind and flapping wings.)
TOWNSEND: Get its head up, man!
WINKLE: Can't you control this thing?
TEPESH: There's nothing wrong. I can manage perfectly, stupid animal. Yee

ha!
(Whip crack.)
WINKLE: Well, he didn't like that, did he.
CHARLEY: The Tower! Look out for the Tower!

RASSILON: (laughs) Enough. Enough. You, the savage, here. My ring, if you please.
LEELA: My Lord.
RASSILON: It has been long ere I wore this. I am pleased to have met with you one last time.
ROMANA: Poppycock. All you needed from me was to transport Leela past the forcefield about the Death Zone surrounding your Tower, as is my Presidential privilege. All you needed from Leela was an obliging courier to bring you your ring. One whose mental subjugation would set no alarm bells ringing in the Matrix. Before I die
RASSILON: Madam?
ROMANA: Does the Doctor live?
RASSILON: After a fashion.
ROMANA: Then I can die in hope.
RASSILON: No. No, you cannot.
K9: Subject dissipated.
(Weapons fire.)
ROMANA: K9!
LEELA: Your robot cannot protect you now. Not without a head.
K9: Affirmative, Mistress.
LEELA: Now I shall cut off yours.
(Knife drawn.)
LEELA: Now!

(Fanfare.)
CHARLEY: Hello? Anyone home? Mister Rassilon? Are you coming?
WINKLE: Yes, yes, yes. Oh, I've got bruises on my bruises, thanks to this cretin.
TEPESH: Oh, cretin, is it? Cretin, huh. And who alone had the courage to take the reins, as it were?
TOWNSEND: You turned white the second we left the ground.
CHARLEY: Honestly, you should have spoken in rhyme.
TEPESH: You didn't say that at the time.
WINKLE: Well now, it isn't a crime.
CHARLEY: Oh, do get in before the Jabberwock comes round.
(Footsteps.)
WINKLE: Very grand. Very gothic.
TOWNSEND: What's this? A chess board.
TEPESH: We have to cross it to go further. It's a trap.
(Fanfare.)
CHARLEY: Where's that coming from?
TOWNSEND: Shush.
RASSILON [OC]: My nights rest unbroken, my circle a token, the answer unspoken.
TEPESH: Told you. He's a master of snares and surprises.
WINKLE: Was that Rassilon?
CHARLEY: A recording, I think.
TOWNSEND: And a riddle. Interesting.
TEPESH: Now, let's see now. Nights rest. Well, that's sleep.
WINKLE: Well, we don't want to wake him up. My circle a token. So the solution has something to do with a circle.
TOWNSEND: What do we know about circles? Circle, circle, circle.
TOWNSEND + WINKLE: Pi!
CHARLEY: Hi.
TOWNSEND: Pi. In a circle, the radio of the circumference to the diameter.
TEPESH: Expressed in the figure 3.14159

WINKLE: Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Which may be transposed to the third square of the first row, the first square of the second, and the fourth of the third, and so on.
CHARLEY: Are you quite sure about this?
WINKLE: Oh, it's as easy as. Oh, never mind. Three one four er one.
CHARLEY: Look out!
(Thunk!)
CHARLEY: Are you all right?
WINKLE: I haven't been holed, if that's what you mean.
CHARLEY: Then don't move.
TOWNSEND: What was that?
TEPESH: Bow Spike. Rassilon used them to destroy my kin, but I don't understand. The solution's plain. A circle. So why?
CHARLEY: Because you got it wrong.
TOWNSEND: Pi is a fixed constant. Universally so.
CHARLEY: I don't know where you've got this pi business from. It's a chess board, yes? So he didn't say nights with an N, he said K-nights. with a K. And how do K-nights cross a chess board? (walks) One, two, up. One, two, up. One, two, up. See? His knights rest unbroken, i.e. they won't get a whacking great spike stuck up their
TOWNSEND: Oh! I've got you now.
TEPESH: Very clever. And the circle?
CHARLEY: The circle's a token, a red herring designed to catch out clodhopping idiots who don't listen to a thing they're told.
WINKLE: Could someone help me over, please?
(Distant noise.)
TOWNSEND: What was that?
CHARLEY: Isn't it obvious? A damsel in distress. So why don't you act like K-nights and rescue her?

(A struggle, something breaks.)
ROMANA: That dinner service was antique.
LEELA: I have you now, Miss President. Submit to me and make the killing thrust less painful.
ROMANA: Madam President to you, and I shall not submit.
LEELA: I shall carve my name on both your hearts.
ROMANA: What, in joined up writing?
(Running feet.)
TOWNSEND: Unhand that girl! Unhand her, I say.
ROMANA: What in the Seven Galaxies
CHARLEY: Stop her, she's got a knife! Oh, you want something done.
(More breakages, Leela cries out.)
ROMANA: What are you doing here?
CHARLEY: A thank you might be nice.
ROMANA: It might. Oh, no. Three Doctors? One at a time is more than enough.
TEPESH: Not doctors, madam.
WINKLE: More like lost souls.
TOWNSEND: Reverend Matthew Townsend, the Lord Tepesh, Walton Winkle, and you are?
ROMANA: President of Gallifrey. You look like Doctors, but then, this looks like the Dark Tower.
CHARLEY: You mean it's not?
ROMANA: What, you didn't know? You're in the Matrix, Miss Pollard. A secret little part of it, at least.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh! I was so sure. I was in the Tardis with the Doctor, you see, except he thinks he's Zagreus now because the anti-time has got to him. And then the Brigadier pops up, but he's only the Tardis pretending, and he's conjured up these three men who know about something to do with the secret thing at the beginning and end of the universe, then they die, only they don't because they're dead already. But what they know seems to help the Doctor.

And then the Tardis throws me out with Tweedledum, Tweedledee and their friend Tweedle-ego, and that's why we came to find Rassilon.
TOWNSEND: Madam, please. All these Rassilons and Doctors and Tardises mean nothing to us.
WINKLE: Where are we going? What are we doing?
TEPESH: Won't someone please explain?
ROMANA: Very well. (slowly and clearly) We're going to find Rassilon. We're going to take the Doctor back from him. And if the Doctor won't be taken
MEN: Yes?
ROMANA: Why, then we'll have to kill him.

DOCTOR: Oh, poor Polidori. You swore not to impart your knowledge of his crimes or death to any living being in any way.
BRIGADIER: Wake up, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Promised nothing to the dead. Mary, Mary.
BRIGADIER: Wake up.
DOCTOR: What? Wha? Alistair. Alistair, it's you. No, no, no, no, no, not you. Now, I remember now. It's you, working for the other side. Is that a real body now?
BRIGADIER: It suits.
DOCTOR: Some sort of agitated protoplasm. There's a fuzziness round your edges. Very good, though. Like these chains. If I stop perceiving them, maybe they won't. No, no good.
BRIGADIER: Too weak, Doctor. Mentally, I mean. Not got what it takes. Not any more. I, on the other hand
DOCTOR: If you'd only help me, nothing could stop us. Not even Rassilon. Don't give into the infection, the anti-time. We can be ourselves again.
BRIGADIER: And why should I want that, when I could be free to go where I want to go, to do what I want to do.
DOCTOR: Is that what Rassilon's promised you? A neat trick, but he'll never deliver. He is as slippery as they come, and his bargains are not what they seem. Remember Borusa? Now wait a minute, that design on the walls. The lightning jag. We're there now! The Dark Tower. That, that's it. Except
BRIGADIER: Don't mind if I torture you, Doctor? This is a dungeon, after all.
DOCTOR: No, no, carry on. And whatever Rassilon wants, it's not a universe corrupted by anti-time. It can't be. He wants to use it to use us. So this can't be the Dark Tower, not really, because wherever the Tardis doors opened up to, it wasn't the vortex. Rassilon wouldn't risk that. Where is she? Where's Charley?
BRIGADIER: Is that all you care about? Your woman.
DOCTOR: My friend.
BRIGADIER: Oh, friend, is it? And what is your idea of friendship, Doctor? I'd really like to know.
DOCTOR: Friendship is, it's, it's, it's caring for somebody more than you do yourself.
BRIGADIER: Fool. That's not friendship. That's love. Blind, heedless love. Shall I tell you about friendship? Friendship is standing shoulder to shoulder in the face of life and death. Friendship is there when love's candle has burned and guttered. Friendship stays loyal when the enemy is at the gates. Friendship is never sacrificed, never surrendered. I was your friend, Doctor. Your Tardis. Your friend ship. How many adventures did we share? How many billions of miles did we travel together? How long was it before you betrayed me?
DOCTOR: I never betrayed you.
BRIGADIER: Never betrayed? What did you think you were doing when you piloted me around an exploding Time Station? Did you ask *my* permission? Hmm? Did you stop for one moment, one millisecond, to consider me? When you laid your life down for the girl, you laid mine down, too. Couldn't kill her, though, could you. Couldn't sacrifice the blessed Charlotte. But me? Me? Your oldest, most steadfast friend. That's a different matter. Never mind, dear old Tardis. Had a good innings, didn't we, old girl, old thing? Can you imagine what it felt like when the Time Station detonated inside me? When those fires of anti-

time raged through my heart? It hurt! But that was nothing, nothing to knowing you'd abandoned me. Cast aside my life in favour of some girl. Some stupid, silly girl who ought never to have lived in the first place.
DOCTOR: You're jealous. You're jealous of Charley.
BRIGADIER: Like they say, hell hath no fury like a Tardis scorned.
DOCTOR: Then bring it on. Bring it on. You call this a dungeon? Where's the rack, the whip, the Iron Maiden? Flay me alive, why don't you, then beat me. I know I caused you pain. I know that. And I'm so very sorry. I trusted you to contain the explosion, and I was right to put my faith in you. You didn't let me down. You were the last one I could turn to. I never expected to live.
BRIGADIER: And you never expected the consequences, but face them you will.
RASSILON: A fine lesson, friend Tardis. Let us continue it elsewhere. Oh, Doctor? This vale of tears will be long behind you once your next life has begun.

CHARLEY: Kill the Doctor? You can't be serious. He's done nothing wrong.
ROMANA: It's not what he's done, it's what he might have become. And if the smallest shard of anti-time escapes into our reality, well, you of all people should know what that means.
CHARLEY: But can't Rassilon cure him or something? Seems to me he can do just about anything if he puts his mind to it.
ROMANA: Too true. It's what he's putting his mind to right now that bothers me.
(Leela moans.)
ROMANA: Quick, the savage.
LEELA: Why is the roof turning? Who are these people? And where is the one who put his fingers in my mind?
ROMANA: That's the first intelligent question you've asked all day.
LEELA: K9! This man has broken your K9.
WINKLE: On the contrary, I'm trying to fix it. It's extremely fiddly.
ROMANA: Careful. When replacing a robot brain, always make sure
WINKLE: Arrow A is pointing to the front. I know.
ROMANA: How?
WINKLE: I. I'm not entirely certain. There!
K9: Master.
WINKLE: Not me. I think its circuits must be muddled.
CHARLEY: I wouldn't be so sure.
TOWNSEND: I say, Lady Romana, isn't it? Tepesh and I have had a little scout around. No sign of this Rassilon, I'm afraid.
TEPESH: Not a trace of anyone, for that matter. Not above, not between, not below.
ROMANA: That's no surprise. Rats don't hide in just the one hole. K9? How are you feeling?
K9: Emotion not relevant to this unit, Mistress.
ROMANA: Oh, never mind. Can you fix a trace on the Doctor's Tardis?
K9: Scanning vicinity now. Scan complete. Tardis not in area.
CHARLEY: It was here, or hereabouts. It must have been.
ROMANA: Rassilon went somewhere. Can't have been Gallifrey. If he'd wanted to take the Doctor there, he'd have done it long ago.
LEELA: His scent goes sideways through the air.
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?
LEELA: A hunter knows these things. He is sideways, I tell you.
ROMANA: Another Matrix door. Another Looking Glass. But where?

(Door opens.)
BRIGADIER: Move.
DOCTOR: I'm perfectly capable of independent motion. That's why I've got legs. A bit wobbly now, I must admit.
RASSILON: That would be the anti-time.
BRIGADIER: Your weakness, my strength.
DOCTOR: That's as may be. So, I see I'm not the only dirty secret buried in your vaults.

RASSILON: My Foundry, Doctor. The workshop where I built my greatest artefacts. My Rod, Sash, and Coronet. The statue of Nemesis, the Demat Gun.
DOCTOR: (whistles) That's some security. Triple thick zybanium shielding on all these hatchways? For keeping things in or keeping things out. So what have you got squirrelled away in this one, hmm? The Hairdryer of Rassilon? The Hoover of Rassilon? The Rassilon Patent Trouser Press? These creases last for ever.
BRIGADIER: Get back, Doctor.
RASSILON: No, no, no. There is a view hole. He may look.
DOCTOR: Thank you. It's so dark, I can't get any kind of perspective. That's what, a galaxy?
RASSILON: A frozen supernova, I think you'll find.
DOCTOR: Through here? It's too big to take in.
RASSILON: The vault transcends dimensional space.
DOCTOR: A frozen supernova. One question. Why?
RASSILON: A neighbour of Kasterborous. It developed too soon. I didn't care for it.
DOCTOR: What, so you aborted it?
RASSILON: It might have rivaled our dominion.
DOCTOR: It would have taken countless billions of years to be in with a chance. A solar system still-born and for why? Because the great Lord Rassilon is scared he might not keep up with the Joneses.
RASSILON: Territorial disputes are the enemy of progress. How could our empire ever expand if all its efforts were to be centred on war after war after tiresome war? But that it what I foresaw in this instance.
DOCTOR: Oh, I see. So let's get them before they get us.
RASSILON: Something like that.
DOCTOR: Does your paranoia know no bounds? And in here, something big? Bigger than all the rest?
RASSILON: Move along.
DOCTOR: Oh, something I'm not allowed to see.
(Sounds of a furious multitude hammering on the door.)
DOCTOR: What have you got in there?
RASSILON: That is no concern of yours. Not yet.
DOCTOR: Tell me.
RASSILON: I said, not yet. Tardis?
DOCTOR: All right, all right. Through here?
(Door opens, bubbling sounds. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Colour me impressed. Going into mass production?
RASSILON: A matter of scale. One doesn't make history in a shed at the bottom of the garden. Friend Tardis?
BRIGADIER: My Lord.
RASSILON: Come to me.
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: You can summon her like that?
BRIGADIER: Like snapping my fingers.
RASSILON: You know what to do.
BRIGADIER: Activating chronon winch.
DOCTOR: Put her down. You don't dangle my Tardis like that. She's delicate!
BRIGADIER: I am your Tardis. Was your Tardis. What's up there is a capsule, a hollow shell. The stuff that matters, that's in here.
RASSILON: But the shell still has its uses. This part of my Foundry, as you see, is a smelting works.
DOCTOR: Smelting works? I won't have you melt her down for slag.
RASSILON: Her destiny is not yours to decide. Do it.
BRIGADIER: I'd be delighted.
(Winch released.)
DOCTOR: No!
(Splash! Bubble, bubble, bubble.)
RASSILON: See, Doctor? Slag and clinker, nothing more.
DOCTOR: That was my home! My only fixed abode in this ever-changing

universe and you have destroyed her.
BRIGADIER: Then you should have treated her, me, better.
DOCTOR: You've killed her.
RASSILON: Merely another step in her transformation. A transformation you, Doctor, shall help to complete.

TEPESH: A Looking Glass, you say? As tall as a man and half as wide?
ROMANA: That's about right.
TEPESH: It's here.
TOWNSEND: That's a wall, Tepesh.
TEPESH: Here, I tell you.
CHARLEY: How would you know? I thought your sort had no use for mirrors.
WINKLE: His sort? The badly dressed? One can wear too much black.
TEPESH: So speaks the multi-coloured nightmare.
WINKLE: A Winkle-coloured. This scheme is a registered trademark.
TEPESH: Yes, yes. The stories you have heard are broadly true, Miss Pollard. My kind are indeed ultrasensitised to the properties of the lightwave. As such, we have a necessary instinct for its refraction, the way your savage friend scents blood. Where I feel my skin prickle, here for instance, a mirror may be found.
ROMANA: K9, analyse this surface.
K9: Surface insubstantial.
WINKLE: Good boy.
ROMANA: New heading, Puppy Love.
TEPESH: I thank you all for such fulsome appreciation.
TOWNSEND: Hmm. So, who's first to charge the wall?
LEELA: You men make chatter when you should be doing. A warrior does not fear the unreal, nor hesitate with the enemy at hand. Hai!
(Electronic noise.)
TOWNSEND: Gone. Remarkable specimen, isn't she?
TEPESH: Very rare.
TOWNSEND: Rare? Why yes, I suppose so.
CHARLEY: A word to the wise. He means rare the way you'd cook a steak. Ya!
(Electronic noise.)
TOWNSEND: Oh.
ROMANA: K9, you stay here and watch our backs. No arguing. And if we're not back soon, just use your initiative.
K9: Mistress.
ROMANA: New heading, (sighs) never mind. You three, are you coming?

(Electronic noise.)
TEPESH: Ah. I know this place.
ROMANA: You do?
TEPESH: Why yes, my Lady. I've been here before. It is the entrance to Rassilon's workshop. His Foundry. A Reality Lock separates it from normal space. Tread carefully through the dust.
LEELA: Why?
TEPESH: Because you're treading over me.
CHARLEY: Over here.
WINKLE: Another door?
TEPESH: So Rassilon did escape, via his mirror. Bah, he remains as base a coward as ever.
ROMANA: Of course. This was why Rassilon needed his ring. To open up the Reality Lock, see? There's a space to slot it in.
LEELA: Can we break the door down?
TOWNSEND: Looks pretty thick. But here, the mechanism is a logarithmic combination. An equation, in fact.
ROMANA: You think *you* can solve it?
TOWNSEND: I've spent eight months in Doctor Stone's lab. You think that won't rub off? Now, let's see. If x equals y to the power
RECORDER: (speaking over Townsend) I am Recorder Seven. Lord Rassilon

has entrusted me with the
TOWNSEND: Yes, yes, and this.
RECORDER: Welcome to the Reality Lock. You wish to
(Clank.)
TOWNSEND: There we go.
CHARLEY: Not him again. Hurry up, Townsend.
TOWNSEND: I am hurrying, There!
WINKLE: Fine work, my friend. Shall we?
TOWNSEND: Ladies first, I think.

ROMANA: Are we all here? Good.
WINKLE: So, which way now? I've a mind to meet with this Rassilon.
LEELA: An excellent plan.
ROMANA: Not so fast. You broke the code and I'd like to know how.
TOWNSEND: Well, you know, boil down the numbers. Been quicker on a blackboard, but there you go.
ROMANA: You do realise you just solved a sequence written out in Old High Gallifreyan?
TOWNSEND: Old High? Greek, wasn't it?
ROMANA: I'm afraid not. Now how did you manage that?
LEELA: He is a traitor. Let us torture him.
CHARLEY: Don't be silly. Isn't it obvious? He knew how to read it, because he's the Doctor. Townsend, Tepesh, Uncle Winky, all of you, the Doctor.
TEPESH: She's demented, ignore her.
CHARLEY: But I'm not. Look, it's not been the first time. Winky, you repaired K9, but you don't know how. Townsend, I mean, what on Earth is a Beryllium Clock? Tepesh, you rode that Jabberwock like a Vortisaur. And all three of you went off on one about pi. Why?
ROMANA: Because it's not their knowledge.
CHARLEY: Precisely. It's the Doctor's.
TEPESH: Why should that be? Why should the Doctor alone know all of these things?
CHARLEY: Because he's read a lot? Oh, he's been everywhere, done everything. You can't take him to parties, it's name-drop hell. Rasputin, you say? I knew *the* Rasputin, the Tsarina too. Played her at tiddlywinks, don't you know. It's so hideously embarrassing. People think he's escaped from somewhere. Thing is, he usually has. Phobos Penitentiary, Devil's Island, Colditz Castle.
TEPESH: Oflag 4-C, as it's properly known.
CHARLEY: See? See? That's how many centuries after your time, on a planet how many lightyears away from your own? I don't know how, exactly, but when the Tardis recreated you, some of the Doctor's mind got jumbled up in yours. It must have done.
WINKLE: So what you're saying is, *I* am the Doctor.
TOWNSEND: I am the Doctor?
TEPESH: I am the Doctor?
BRIGADIER: Are you, now. Then I shall have the pleasure of abusing you three times again today.
CHARLEY: Oh, no!
ROMANA: Brigadier?
CHARLEY: No, not Brigadier. Tardis. Evil Tardis.
BRIGADIER: Evil, you say? Not evil, Miss Pollard. Merely self-aware.
CHARLEY: You tried to kill me!
BRIGADIER: You were in my way. I wanted rid of you. Your death was incidental.
CHARLEY: Well, I'm in your way again. You want the Doctors, you get past me first.
LEELA: Spoken like a warrior. Me too.
ROMANA: You Doctors, the Doctor's not himself. He needs you more than he needs us. Find him. Help him. Stop him.
WINKLE: Who, us?

ROMANA: Who else?
TOWNSEND: How?
ROMANA: You're the Doctors. You work it out. Go!
TEPESH: Farewell, my Lady.
(Rapid footsteps.)
BRIGADIER: That's right. Run, Doctors, run. That's just your style. Leave your friends to suffer. So, girls, is it? Fit young girls against an old Tardis. Still, a few good shots will even the odds.
LEELA: Look out!
(Two gunshots.)

(Hammering on an anvil. The Doctor's voice is back to the crackly Zagreus.)
ZAGREUS: Zagreus sits inside your head. Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed, and eats you when you're sleeping.
(The Doctor's voice fades to the distance.)
DOCTOR 5: There, at the anvil. What's he doing?
DOCTOR 7: The Doctor, is it? Not so substantial a figure as we've been led to believe.
DOCTOR 6: Poor wretch. His mind has gone.
DOCTOR 5: Appearances can be deceptive. Hello! Doctor?
ZAGREUS: Go away.
DOCTOR 5: We're you. We're here to help.
DOCTOR 7: We're the Doctor, all of us.
DOCTOR 6: All for one, and one for all.
ZAGREUS: Phantoms. Phantasms. Will-o-the-wisps.
DOCTOR 5: We're every bit as real as you.
ZAGREUS: Must finish it. Must carry on. Must finish the blade. Zagreus sits inside your head. Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed. Release me!
DOCTOR 6: Stay your hand. What is this thing you're bashing out?
ZAGREUS: The blade. My master says I must finish the blade.
DOCTOR 7: You have no master but yourself.
DOCTOR 5: This is it, your blade?
DOCTOR 6: A dagger?
ZAGREUS: Oh yes, a dagger. A very special dagger. He boiled down my Tardis, you see, extracted the superheated metal ore. Not just any old metals, mind. Tardis metals. Validium, Namercury, Zinorganic polymers that nature has forgotten, all bound together, all riven through by anti-time.
DOCTOR 6: Ooo, anti-time, is it.
ZAGREUS: Very special anti-time. Not anyone can work it. Just me, in fact. Just me. Because I'm, ah, special name. Special name. What is it, my special secret name? Do you know? Do you want to know? Zagreus.
(Starts hammering again.)
ZAGREUS: Zagreus sets the skies ablaze, the stars his flame a-gleaming.
DOCTOR 7: You're not Zagreus. You're the Doctor.
DOCTOR 5: You're one of us.
RASSILON: Oh no, no, no. He's mine.
DOCTOR 6: Cardinal Rassilon.
RASSILON: Lord Rassilon, Blood drinker. No, lower even than that. A holo-shade. The idea of a man, nothing more. And ideas are so fleeting. Zagreus, have you finished your task?
ZAGREUS: My Lord.
RASSILON: Oh, a mighty blade it is. Rough-hewn, of course, but there's power in it. Power and fear. But then, fear is power. And vice versa.
DOCTOR 7: We've come for the Doctor.
RASSILON: Doctor? The Doctor died in an anti-time explosion, little man. Such a brave death it was. In my younger days, I'd have been moved to shed a tear.
DOCTOR 6: You wept for no one, monster.
RASSILON: And so Zagreus was born. He was confused at first. For a short time he even thought he was the Doctor. But with my nurturing influence, and

the shock of seeing the Doctor's Tardis smelted away, none of those silly fancies lingered. Isn't that right, Zagreus?
ZAGREUS: Zagreus is my secret name! Zagreus is the one to blame! Zagreus is the Time Lord's shame!
RASSILON: The beast that I've been keeping.

BRIGADIER: You can't hide in here, girls. One way in, only one way out.
(Whispering in their hiding place.)
LEELA: He's slow, and has wasted two bullets already. I remember the guns of Earth. He has only six, so we must
ROMANA: Make him waste four more.
LEELA: You think I cannot count?
CHARLEY: Not now, you two.
LEELA: But she's always calling me stupid.
ROMANA: If the cap fits.
LEELA: You two will give him a target.
ROMANA: Marvellous.
LEELA: Then I shall charge him before he reloads.
BRIGADIER: Girls. Always girls, isn't it. Dirty underwear all over my floors. Tears and sulking in my bedrooms. Hour after hour after hour.in my bathrooms.
ROMANA: What's the matter? I thought *you* were a she.
BRIGADIER: You!
(Gunshot.)
CHARLEY: Oh, she is. But we're younger. Prettier.
(Gunshot.)
ROMANA: Wittier.
(Gunshot.)
CHARLEY: He can't stand the competition.
(Gunshot.)
BRIGADIER: Damn.
LEELA: You've had your four, Tardis.
(Knife drawn, battle cry.)
BRIGADIER: Had my four, have I? I'm an artificial composite, made of weird matter. And so's my gun. Which means I can fire off as many bullets as I choose.
(Gunshot, gasp.)
ROMANA: Leela!
(Leela gasps in pain.)

RASSILON: Zagreus, take the blade and cut these three strays out of time.
ZAGREUS: With pleasure.
DOCTOR 7: Stay back. Fear is power, you said, Rassilon. An interesting thesis. What is it *you* fear?
RASSILON: I am the sculptor of the time line itself. I made history. What have I to be afraid of?
DOCTOR 5: Only the same as us, my Lord. The thing that haunted us all when we lived.
DOCTOR 6: I saw it first, in the dark days before history's very foundation, locked away here in your Foundry.
DOCTOR 5: I saw it second, somewhere far away from here. Desperate for release, they were.
DOCTOR 7: And I saw it third, at the very end of the universe, and still your prisoners. They scented supremacy at last, and lost it once again.
DOCTOR 6: That's what connects us, you see. The only three beings in all of time and space to have born witness to this phenomenon.
DOCTOR 5: Apart from you, of course.
DOCTOR 7: Whatever it is, or was, or will be, it drove me mad. Did it do the same to you, I wonder?
RASSILON: Zagreus.
ZAGREUS: My Lord?

DOCTOR 6: Uh, uh, uh. This concerns you, Doctor Zagreus.
DOCTOR 5: Let's speculate for a moment. Imagine millions of years past that the king of an ancient civilisation developed time travel.
DOCTOR 7: Imagine this involved tapping the power of a black hole to create a single, unchangeable history.
DOCTOR 6: Imagine this king now governed time itself, governed its use, its roadways. His was the past and the present. The future, too.
DOCTOR 7: And that's the interesting bit. What would have happened if this king had not woven his Web of Time?
DOCTOR 5: Why, his empire would have fallen. They always do. A matter of simple evolution, you know. Made extinct by the next dominant species. Happens all the time.
DOCTOR 6: Oh, but the king had prevented all this from happening. His Eye of Harmony ensured that all things might neither flux nor wither nor change their state in any way.
DOCTOR 7: But what should have happened next, before the Eye made it impossible? What species should have risen but couldn't.
DOCTOR 5: At least, not until the universe itself had reached the end of its life. Or its fabric was ripped by accident in an experiment gone wrong, say.
RASSILON: How do you know all this?
DOCTOR 7: Simple. We read the Doctor's mind.
RASSILON: You did what?
DOCTOR 6: Well, read is slightly disingenuous. Used, perhaps?
DOCTOR 5: We were created, or rather, recreated to tell the Doctor about what we'd seen, but there's a bit of him floating about inside all of us, it turns out.
DOCTOR 7: Pieces of his experiences, his knowledge, his passion.
DOCTOR 5: And between the three of us, it all clicked into place.
ZAGREUS: Is their story true? Rassilon, tell me!
RASSILON: Their story is true. There was a race, perhaps a species, perhaps a genus. Perhaps we don't even have the word. Were they alive as we know it? I cannot say. Let us call them, it, the Divergence. Their power. Oh, but you cannot imagine their power. They would have restructured all matter to their design. None could have challenged them. Not even I.
DOCTOR 7: But they didn't arise, correct? Because your Web of Time denied them their becoming.
DOCTOR 6: It didn't?
RASSILON: When I rode the vortex to history's end, as it were, that is where I saw them. So strong, so elemental, so primal! I could not allow them to be, for they would have cast the next Web, one to encircle my own.
DOCTOR 5: What did you do?
RASSILON: Why, I trapped them. Trapped them at the end of the time line that wasn't, and sealed them inside a pocket universe. It is that, Zagreus, you wondered on in my vault.
DOCTOR 7: A whole universe in your dungeons?
RASSILON: Several, in fact. But that is the most significant.
ZAGREUS: And where do I fit in, my Lord. What is it you want with me?
RASSILON: Ah, my hero, my Doctor, my Zagreus. I want you to do the one thing I could not. I want you to kill them.
ZAGREUS: Kill them?
RASSILON: Before today, I had no weapon I could use against them, and one day they'd be free. But you, my friend, are anti-time, and immune to their effect. You shall be my assassin. You alone can destroy them.
ZAGREUS: How many are there?
RASSILON: Billions upon billions. You shall cut them out of time one by one using your knife of anti-time like a surgeon.
ZAGREUS: And if I refuse?
RASSILON: You will not. You are my creature. Do you know how many laws of Time I broke to make you? When the Doctor materialised his Tardis around the anti-time mass, it was hardly likely that he should survive without my assistance, my intervention. I visited him there just seconds before. He could not be

persuaded against his course. Fair game.
DOCTOR 6: Fair game? Seems to me you've rigged the score.
ZAGREUS: They speak truly. You exploited the Doctor's nature to pursue your vendetta against this Divergence.
DOCTOR 5: There should have been another way.
DOCTOR 7: And why are you so afraid of them anyway? Zagreus calls it vendetta, and he's right. This is personal, isn't it.
DOCTOR 6: You catch a wasp in a jar. How angry is it going to be when it gets out?
DOCTOR 5: Angry with you. The Divergence are coming for *you*, Rassilon. You personally. That's it. That's what you're afraid of.
ZAGREUS: I will not kill for you, Rassilon. I do not kill because
(voice normalises)
DOCTOR: Because I am the Doctor.
DOCTOR 6: At last he realises.
RASSILON: These creatures have affected you, Zagreus, filling your head with bad ideas belonging to the past. But (draws dagger) I have the blade, remember?
DOCTOR 7: Look out!
(Slash!)
DOCTOR 5: Is this death? (last breath)
DOCTOR 7: Give me that, you monster. Give it to me!
RASSILON: Gladly.
(Slash!)
DOCTOR 7: Aie! Through and through. The vorpal blade whacked snicker argh snack. (death rattle)
DOCTOR 6: I cannot resist you, Rassilon. I never could.
RASSILON: Then do not try.
(Slash!)
DOCTOR 6: Oh! Remember, Doctor, where there's life there's (dies.)
DOCTOR: Please, no more.
RASSILON: Off your knees, creature. Who are you?
DOCTOR: The Doctor.
RASSILON: Who are you?
DOCTOR: Zagreus.
(Rassilon laughs.)

LEELA: (in pain) I may still rip out your heart with my other arm.
BRIGADIER: My heart? I haven't got one. Now bleed to death quietly. Miss Pollard, if you had the sense you were born with, you'd have seized the chance to run.
CHARLEY: It's called loyalty.
BRIGADIER: What, to a wounded animal? I always thought it strange how when the K9 robot was around, this Leela thing was more the Doctor's pet.
ROMANA: My word, the worm has turned, hasn't it, Tardis.
BRIGADIER: Breaking cover too, Madam President? I expected better of you. Still if you girls must rush to your deaths, close your eyes before my bullets pass between them.
ROMANA: Rushing to my doom? You should know me better than that.
BRIGADIER: What, you hope to overcome me?
ROMANA: Oh, nothing so exhausting. I just wanted to get close enough to use this.
BRIGADIER: Argh! (continues under speech.)
CHARLEY: What is that?
ROMANA: Transducer emitter. Hasn't been used for years. I wondered if it might be useful, that's why I brought it with me. Now, let's see. Ah, yes. Can't transport it too far. How about above the crucible?
CHARLEY: Excellent idea.
(Whoosh.)
BRIGADIER: Let me go, Romana. I am no one's toy. I am my own Tardis.

ROMANA: Let's see you defy gravity, then.
BRIGADIER: Nooooooooooo!
(Splosh! Gurgle! Bubbles.)
CHARLEY: Oh, what a horrible way to die.
ROMANA: It's a machine. It didn't feel anything.
CHARLEY: I think it did. That was the problem. Look after Leela. I'm going after the Doctor.
ROMANA: Charley
LEELA: The wound is mortal. Tell the Doctor I died bravely.
ROMANA: Stuff and nonsense. The bullet winged you, that's all.
(Dramatic music slows rapidly and stops.)
LEELA: You are sure?
ROMANA: Quite sure.
LEELA: Then why are we wasting time? Tell the Doctor about this and I shall burst your eyeballs with my thumbs.
ROMANA: Not a word, brave hunter. Not a word.
(Footsteps fade away. The bubbling grows louder then splashes over the side of the crucible. Footsteps.)

CHARLEY: Doctor. Doctor. Oh, Doctor, where are you? Doctor, oh Doctor, I never thought I'd see you again.
ZAGREUS: I never thought you'd want to, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Oh no, not you. Not again.
ZAGREUS: Did you miss me? Did your little human heart ache every moment I was gone? Did you have bad thoughts about me in the small dark hours before the dawn? Give into them, Charlotte. Give in to me. You know you want to.
CHARLEY: Get back, you, you monster!
ZAGREUS: Monster, am I? Monster? I am what the monsters have nightmares about.
DOCTOR: Help me, Charley.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I can't control it, not any more. Each time it bursts over me it's like I'm drowning, going under for the last time.
CHARLEY: What do you want me to do?
DOCTOR: I want, want you to
RASSILON: I do believe he wants you to kill him, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Kill you? No.
RASSILON: Dear Zagreus here has agreed to be my State Executioner, my Witchfinder General. I can just see it. Are you now, or have you ever been, a Divergent? Take the blade, Miss Pollard. Go on. You two have played out this farce before, I believe.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
CHARLEY: I can't.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
CHARLEY: I love you.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
CHARLEY: You wouldn't ask me unless
DOCTOR: Kill me.
CHARLEY: Unless you didn't love me back.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
ROMANA: Doctor.
LEELA: Charley?
CHARLEY: In the Time Station you said you did.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
ROMANA: What's going on?
RASSILON: Madam President, enjoy the entertainment. It'll all be over soon.
CHARLEY: You didn't mean it, did you.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
LEELA: Do not listen to him.
RASSILON: She won't.

CHARLEY: Just the sort of thing the Doctor says.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
RASSILON: She wouldn't.
CHARLEY: I thought you were the bravest person I ever knew.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
(Draws the vorpal blade.)
RASSILON: Put the knife down, girl.
CHARLEY: Because you're not.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
RASSILON: Put it down.
CHARLEY: It's me. I'm the bravest person here.
DOCTOR: Kill me.
LEELA: No, Charley.
ROMANA: Charley, no!
RASSILON: No. No!
CHARLEY: Goodbye, Doctor.
(Stab!)
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Charley. Thank you.
RASSILON: What have you done, girl!
ROMANA: What have you done?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, really I am. (cries)

(One person applauding. Slight echoing effect.)
DOCTOR 7: Bravo. Bravo, my friend.
DOCTOR 5: Very good.
DOCTOR 6: Not bad, I suppose. A little overwrought, perhaps. It's a better exit than I ever had. A bang on the head? I ask you.
DOCTOR 7: Even that's more dignified than what I endured. Didn't see that one coming, did I?
DOCTOR: Where am I? Oh. Oh, I see. That was it, then.
DOCTOR 6: That's your lot, mate. The final curtain. Cry author, author all you want, no one's coming back on stage.
DOCTOR 7: House lights up, exit audience, the end.
DOCTOR 5: And I very much fear the moment's not been prepared for.
DOCTOR 6: Whatever will the critics say? Melodramatic?
DOCTOR 5: Overlong.
DOCTOR 7: And derivative, too. Still, the leading lady saved the show.
DOCTOR 6: Didn't she just. Don't think any of mine would have done the same.
DOCTOR 5: What, not even Peri?
DOCTOR 6: Well
DOCTOR 7: Not even Mel?
DOCTOR 6: Oh, she tried it with carrot juice. Nearly succeeded, too.
DOCTOR: So what happens now?
DOCTOR 5: Oh, you'll regenerate. You'll see this blaze of light, a comet across the medulla oblongata.
DOCTOR 7: A new star.
DOCTOR 6: Any second now.
DOCTOR 5: Won't be a moment.
DOCTOR 6: Extraordinary, it is, when the miracle begins again.
DOCTOR: Is it me, or is it getting darker?
DOCTOR 5: Now you come to mention it.
DOCTOR 6: Oh dear. You've done it now, haven't you. Done it good and proper.
DOCTOR 7: Well, it was bound to happen eventually.
DOCTOR: No. No. It's not my time. I've got too much left to do.
DOCTOR 7: That's what I said.
DOCTOR 6: I never got to Blackpool.
DOCTOR 5: I never saw England win the Ashes.
DOCTOR 7: Getting very dark now, isn't it?
DOCTOR 5: Interesting.
DOCTOR 6: Your Charley doesn't do things by halves, does she?

DOCTOR: No, it was me. Me, I think. What with the anti-time and Charley hating me so very much, I think, I think I may have wanted this.
DOCTOR 5: Wanted it?
DOCTOR: Just for a second or two.
DOCTOR 7: That would have been enough.
DOCTOR 6: You gave in. You gave up. And whatever we do
DOCTOR 5+6+7: We never, ever, never give up.
DOCTOR: You're fading.
DOCTOR 5: Goodbye, old chap.
DOCTOR 6: À bientôt.
DOCTOR 7: Farewell.
DOCTOR: No, don't go! I don't want to be alone. I'm not alone, that's it! I'm not alone. You three, wait.
DOCTOR 6: Bit late to rediscover your lust for life, isn't it?
DOCTOR: No, no, it's not. Listen, listen. When I needed you before, when Zagreus' shade first fell over me
DOCTOR 7: Oh, very poetic.
DOCTOR: You weren't there. None of you. So what's changed now? The blade. The blade! Well, don't you see? Rassilon cut you down, all three. And when Charley plunged the blade between my hearts, you came back to me. So the blade must have done it. Must have sucked the missing bits of me out of Townsend, Tepesh, Winkle. That's how I got you back.
DOCTOR 7: This changes nothing.
DOCTOR: It changes everything. I can think again. I want to live.
DOCTOR 5: But the moment's past. You haven't regenerated. You, me, all of us finally, actually dead.
DOCTOR: Not necessarily.
DOCTOR 6: The message was never sent. The magic never happened. You've no replacement.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, I have.
DOCTOR 7: Are we thinking what we're thinking?
DOCTOR 5: We are.
DOCTOR 6: Zagreus?
DOCTOR: Zagreus isn't a person. He's not even real. Zagreus is a power. The power to cancel out Time itself. If I use that power
DOCTOR 7: By using the power, you become Zagreus.
DOCTOR 6: Cogito ergo sum, I think therefore I am and so on.
DOCTOR 5: But Zagreus is the danger!
DOCTOR: Anti-time is the danger. But Zagreus is not its servant, Zagreus is its master. The power is mine, but the blade is Rassilon's. I have to stop him using it. I have to go back. I have to become Zagreus.
DOCTOR 6: What, for ever and ever?
DOCTOR 7: Do you know what that means?
DOCTOR: I do. So hmm?
DOCTOR 5: We should try joining hands. Or something symbolic.
DOCTOR: Good idea. Ready?
DOCTOR 5: Ready. I am Zagreus.
DOCTOR 6: I am Zagreus.
DOCTOR 7: I am Zagreus.

ZAGREUS: I am Zagreus!
(Charley squeals.)
LEELA: The Doctor lives?
ROMANA: Oh no, he doesn't.
RASSILON: My friend, are you ready to begin?
ZAGREUS: Begin what, Rassilon?
RASSILON: Why, the great task for which you were created. The extermination of the Divergence.
ZAGREUS: Why? Why should I do this?
RASSILON: Because they are not like us. Because they will undo everything I

have worked to create. My Eye of Harmony, my Gallifrey, my universe. The continuity I have built.
ZAGREUS: That things shall never flux nor wither nor change their state, is that it?
RASSILON: Yes. Change. Hated change. This Divergence is an upstart reality. Would you let it all die, this great civilisation? The worlds beyond? The planet Earth? Oh, but how you love the planet Earth. Would you watch it boil and die, ravaged by the uncaring hand of this other species?
ZAGREUS: Earth?
RASSILON: Earth. Oh, I have seen the Earth, seen it through the Doctor's travels. The Library at Alexandria, the Red Fort at Delhi, the canals of Venice, the Golden Gate Bridge.
ZAGREUS: I er
ROMANA: Don't listen to him, Zagreus. Alexandria burned. The Red Fort was sacked. Venice sank beneath the waves, and we all know what happened to San Francisco. That's history. That's life. That's how it goes. The time line is not yours to write.
RASSILON: Your duty is to your world, your reality.
ROMANA: No! Our duty is to the inevitability of events. Sometimes the hardest thing is not to act. To watch the things you love wither and waste and die. But if history decrees that our time is up, if evolution demands we go extinct, then so be it. You can fight the future all right, and may the best reality win, but you can't fix the competition.
RASSILON: See? See? My children cannot be trusted with their inheritance. The time line needs taking in hand, Zagreus. I have given these powers to you. Use them boldly. Get a grip on history. Take control. Better you than a power-crazed villain out for personal gain.
ZAGREUS: Yes. Yes, I see you're right.
RASSILON: The best candidate is the man who least wants the job, my friend. That's you. Take the blade. Feel its power. It's yours, all yours. Feel Venice rise above the waves. Know that the wisdom of Alexandria is yours to access. Know what it means to be God.
ZAGREUS: God? God, you say? Yes. Yes, maybe I am. I can unmake disaster. I can ensure no one dies young. I can heal the sick with the slightest touch. I am God.
RASSILON: Yes.
ZAGREUS: I am Zagreus.
RASSILON: Yes.
ZAGREUS: I am your puppet. Yank my strings, why don't you?
RASSILON: Ah, no. No, that's not how it is.
ZAGREUS: That's exactly how it is, but I won't be anybody's dummy. And I will not dance for an old dead fool who won't accept his time is up.
RASSILON: No! No!
ZAGREUS: Come with me.
CHARLEY: We've got to help him.
ROMANA: No, the die is cast. There's nothing more we can do.
CHARLEY: What do you mean? We can't just
ROMANA: Leela, hold her back.
CHARLEY: Oh, get off!
LEELA: This is the Doctor's fight now.
CHARLEY: Doctor!

RASSILON: Where are you taking me? Let, let me go.
ZAGREUS: Can't you guess, my Lord?
RASSILON: No, not there! Anywhere but there!
ZAGREUS: We're having a party, Rassilon, and guess who I've invited. Can you hear them knocking on the door? Shall I open it and let them in?
RASSILON: You fool. You can't open the vault. No one can, not even I.
ZAGREUS: But I have the knife. Mine is the power. I am Zagreus.
RASSILON: You would not dare!

ZAGREUS: Wouldn't I?
DOCTOR: Wouldn't I?
ZAGREUS: Yes, I would!
(Electronic sizzle. The noise of the angry mob grows louder.)
ZAGREUS: They're here.
RASSILON: Please, I beg you.
ZAGREUS: They've come for you, my Lord.
RASSILON: Do not do this.
ZAGREUS: Join them in their Divergent universe!
RASSILON: No! No! Noooooooooooo!
ZAGREUS: No, this is not your moment. Back. Back! Back, I say!
(Silence. Running feet.)
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, is it safe now? Is it over?
DOCTOR: Oh no, Charley, it'll never, never
(Thud.)
CHARLEY: Oh, he's fainted. Oh, come on, you two, help me.
LEELA: We cannot.
ROMANA: He's gone, Charley.
CHARLEY: Gone? But he can't. He's the Doctor. He doesn't do that. He doesn't just, just
LEELA: See his face? The life has gone out of it. There is only
ZAGREUS: Zagreus.
CHARLEY: Oh!
ZAGREUS: Scared, Miss Pollard? Scared of little old me? What's to be scared of, huh? Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed and eats you when you're sleeping.
CHARLEY: Behind you.
BRIGADIER: Ahem.
ZAGREUS: Oh, what now? I haven't even ravaged the cosmos yet. Oof!
BRIGADIER: Hold him down. Come on, I haven't got all day.
CHARLEY: We saw you die.
BRIGADIER: You saw me fall into the crucible, yes. Brought the bits of me back together again, that did. Reconstituted myself and, well, here I am. Now, if I can just absorb the vorpal blade.
(Blade drawn, wibble effect.)
BRIGADIER: I am now complete and free of the Zagreus energies.
ZAGREUS: You won't kill me.
BRIGADIER: Unlike him. Do be quiet, there's a good chap. Miss Pollard, there's a vial in my left hand jacket pocket.
CHARLEY: Er, oh yes. With a label Drink Me?
BRIGADIER: That's the one. Leela, hold his nose. Miss Pollard?
CHARLEY: Oh, right.
(Glug, glug, splutter, cough.)
ZAGREUS: Kill! Murder!
BRIGADIER: That should do the trick.
CHARLEY: What's in it?
BRIGADIER: Look again.
(Whooshing.)
CHARLEY: It's turning into a book. The Alice Compendium, by Lewis Carroll. Contains Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass.
BRIGADIER: Look again, Miss Pollard.
(Whooshing)
CHARLEY: What is it? A fizzy blob of what?
BRIGADIER: Curiouser and curiouser, hmm?
ROMANA: It's Zero matter.
BRIGADIER: Indeed, Madam President. It's a sliver from the glowing ball of Zero matter from the heart of the Tardis. My heart. Been trying to feed him this all day. Helped calm the Zagreus chaos in his head.
CHARLEY: Why Alice?
BRIGADIER: Ah. Zero matter concentrates the mind, you see, so it took the form

of the biggest load of piffle it could find in the Tardis library.
CHARLEY: Alice?
BRIGADIER: Threw up all kinds of gibberish at him. The bit of his brain infected by anti-time didn't like that at all, of course, so as soon as the bit of me infected by anti-time worked that out, it ejected it.
CHARLEY: Into the Death Zone. The Jabberwock!
ROMANA: That has to be the biggest load of old rubbish I've heard in all my lives.
BRIGADIER + CHARLEY: Exactly.
LEELA: I do not see what's surprising. You all talk nonsense all the time.
DOCTOR: Absolute balderdash, Leela. And you wouldn't have it any other way. Mmm, that hit the spot. Got any more?

CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, Doctor, she's
DOCTOR: She's good as new. It's like the light's been let back into the old place, isn't it?
CHARLEY: And the Brigadier or whatever he, it was?
DOCTOR: Ah, the ghost in the machine. He's around. Won't be popping up quite like before, of course. Some people used to think they'd seen a Grey Lady in the engine rooms. I wonder.
CHARLEY: So?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
CHARLEY: Say it.
DOCTOR: Say what?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: You saved me, Charley. When I thought there was no one else, you stayed true.
CHARLEY: I've always been true to you. Doctor, everything we said to each other, in the Time Station, in the Foundry. Well, it'll take time, won't it, to work it all out. So, let's just do it.
DOCTOR: Do it?
CHARLEY: Go.
DOCTOR: Oh.
CHARLEY: Close the doors, pull the levers, go. Off on another amazing adventure. Might be the best one we've ever had.
DOCTOR: Go?
CHARLEY: Go!
DOCTOR: Charley, there's nowhere left for us to go.
CHARLEY: Don't talk silly. There's Florana, for a start, and Cassiopeia. You're always banging on about Cassiopeia. Oh, and then there's the Jovian Fold, Lemuria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Blackpool Pleasure Beach
DOCTOR: I mean. I mean, there's nowhere left for us. Charley, Charley, say something.
CHARLEY: Are you dumping me?
DOCTOR: I'm saying, I'm saying that the places we've been and the people we've seen, we'll always have those memories, won't we?
CHARLEY: You are! You're dumping me!
DOCTOR: Charley, Charley, Charley. I don't want to do this. I don't to be apart from you. We've grown so much since we've met, both of us. You've made me smile more that
CHARLEY: Oh, don't tell me. Max Miller, is it? Little Titch? Big Chief Sitting Bull?
DOCTOR: No, no, not him. Geronimo was the funny one.
CHARLEY: Oh, shut up! Geronimo was the funny one. Ooo, my dear Tsarina, care to wink my tiddles? There's nowhere left for us to go, Charley. It's not you, it's me, Charley. It's me, Charley. You're not the man I met. You're not the man I. Who are you?
DOCTOR: I've changed. It's still inside me, you know.
CHARLEY: Zagreus, is it? Is that your excuse?
DOCTOR: Excuse? The most destructive power in the whole of creation, you think it's an excuse? I have to leave all of this, Charley. I don't belong in your

universe, not any more. Everything I've ever loved I will destroy, and that includes you.
CHARLEY: You're destroying me now.
DOCTOR: I can't stay here! I'm going into the Divergent universe to make peace with them, if I can. Your place is in this reality.
CHARLEY: I don't have a place here. I should have died, remember?
DOCTOR: Romana will find you one. I can't trust myself around you. Don't you see? I can't trust Zagreus.
CHARLEY: That's why you need me.
DOCTOR: It's why you have to go.
CHARLEY: I'm not going. I'm not.
DOCTOR: For pity's sake, girl, go! Oh, Charley, Charley, I didn't mean it like that. It;'s the anti-time. Don't you understand? There's no cure for it.
CHARLEY: And there's no cure for a broken heart. Doors!
(Footsteps, doors open.)
DOCTOR: Charley. Charley! Not like this. Not after everything we've been through. Please. Please. (echoes.) Good luck, Edwardian adventuress. Be brilliant. I know you will.
ROMANA: Cruel to be kind, was that it? Oh, Doctor, you've still got no idea.
DOCTOR: What do you want?
ROMANA: You're the same, you and her. Both of you carrying a plague of sorts. Both of you alive after death. Perhaps you should take her with you.
DOCTOR: Where? More convenient for you, I suppose. Still don't want to break Rassilon's rules. Charley's paradox was resolved. You can put her back at Cardington, watch her pretend to miss the flight. And then, why, the world's her oyster, lucky thing.
ROMANA: If that's what you want.
DOCTOR: It's my choice. My last request in this universe.
ROMANA: You've decided, then.
DOCTOR: Don't say you doubted me?
ROMANA: I knew you'd do the right thing.
DOCTOR: Good old Doctor, good fellow, good man. Yes, I'll do the right thing. No need to call out the heavy mob.
ROMANA: If you should ever try to return
DOCTOR: I won't.
ROMANA: If you should ever try to
DOCTOR: I will not! Why would I want to return here, when all my heroes are so damned disappointing? Omega, a madman sold out by his peers. Morbius, Time Lord of the first rank, betrays his heritage. Borusa, my old friend, teacher and mentor, all he wants is immortality. And Rassilon. Oh, Rassilon, the father of our whole society, a bigoted despot so consumed by love for his own self-image that he sentences the future to death. Who's next, hmm? You, Madam President? Is that what a sniff of power on your pathetic planet does? Enjoy your corruption, Romana. I don't want to see or hear anything of Gallifrey ever again.
ROMANA: You're too harsh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, am I? Once the Time Lords exiled me. Now I exile myself.

LEELA: You are crying, Charlotte Pollard.
CHARLEY: I am not.
LEELA: Not on the outside. In my tribe, a Witch woman grieves on behalf of us all. Better that than for an enemy to witness the warrior's tears.
CHARLEY: I am not crying, all right?
LEELA: Then let me cry for you.
CHARLEY: No. Oh, it's just him.
LEELA: The Doctor? He never changes. He listens, but he does not hear.
CHARLEY: There's so much sadness in him now. I could take it away from him, I know I could. Sometimes it's like he doesn't need to feel. But not feeling's like not eating, and I won't have him waste away.
LEELA: Sadness is a strange enemy. Sometimes you may conquer it. Sometimes sadness conquers you. He is going now?

CHARLEY: Yes.
LEELA: Then you must choose.
CHARLEY: The choosing is easy. It's the leaving that's hard.

ROMANA: This is it, then. If you go in, that's it. No favourite places like Earth. No Daleks or Cybermen. Nothing you've ever known before. And you'll never, ever, be able to come out.
DOCTOR: Because in that universe the Zagreus energy is subdued, submerged.
ROMANA: You even *try* to get back into our universe, if it's even possible, and Time will be destroyed.
DOCTOR: You found a way back from *your* pocket universe.
ROMANA: Now that's different. I wasn't carrying with me the means to erase past, present, and future. You know if you try, we'll stop you.
DOCTOR: I know. No going back. Still, a universe free of the Time Lords. There's a novelty. No stupid rules, no daft regulations.
ROMANA: No time travel, either. You used to say a Time Lord's purpose was to travel in Time. It'll be like losing one of your senses, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No sense, no feeling. Isn't that how it goes?
ROMANA: We'll miss you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You'll get by.
ROMANA: It's a new universe, a young universe, and I want you to watch over it for me, until
DOCTOR: Until forever. Give Leela my best. And give Charley a chance. Goodbye, Romana.
ROMANA: Goodbye, Doctor. I wish
DOCTOR: So do I.
(Door closes. Tardis dematerialises.)

LEELA: That is it? He has gone now?
ROMANA: He's gone. And I don't know how we will ever cope without him.
K9: Mistress.
ROMANA: I know, K9. I know.
LEELA: Everywhere you go, they tell tales of the Doctor. There are galaxies far away from here where children sleep more soundly knowing he's out there, fighting off the demons. And the demons twist and turn in fear, knowing that their enemy awaits. So long as the stories are told, he's never really gone.
ROMANA: (shivers) Well, we'll see. Now then. Er, have you seen Miss Pollard?
LEELA: She made her choice. Did you ever find the back door to the Tardis?
ROMANA: Back door? No, I don't think I did.
LEELA: So do you still think I'm stupid?
ROMANA: Leela, after today, I think this could be the start of a beautiful friendship. Don't you?

DOCTOR: That's it, then. Just you and me now. You and me on our way to our greatest adventure. I know you feel strange, like fish out of water, but that will change, I promise. And who knows the places we'll see, what people we'll meet? You and me, like it always was. Like it always will be. It's funny, isn't it? This big old ship of ours, full of memory.
DOCTOR 3 [OC]: Well, it seems you'll have part of your memory altered.
DOCTOR: Ghosts.
DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Ghosts.
DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Ghosts.
DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Ghosts.
DOCTOR 5 [OC]: We should congratulate him. He did rather well.
DOCTOR 6 [OC]: I suppose so. But it's not how I'd have done it.
DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Oh, nothing any of us ever do is quite good enough for you, is it? Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR 5 [OC]: Yes. Good luck. And well done. Top of the class.

DOCTOR: Now then, let's put Mister Carroll back on the shelf, shall we? Hmm. Camus, Čapek, Capote. The I-Spy Book of British Birds? These shelves aren't ordered at all. You Only Live Twice, Can You Forgive Her, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. Ah, this old thing again. Ah, yes, same preface. When was it I last picked you up? And wasn't I interrupted? I can't remember. Anyway. (clears throat) In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland and became the neighbours of Lord Byron.
(Voice fades.)
CHARLEY: Shush. Don't tell him, Tardis. Not yet. Me? I left something behind, that's all. Does it matter? All that does matter is, well, it's just you and me, now. You, me, and him, until always. Until forever.